



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 19, No. 28 (Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors.)  
Office—34 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 19, 1906.

TERMS: (Single Copies, 5c.)  
Per Annum (in advance), \$9. Whole No. 964

## The Front Page

A cross the ocean came the great new ship that the C. P. R. has put on the Atlantic. Europe saw her start, America awaited her arrival—she hove in sight, made port, and delivered her cargo and passengers. Among these were three Canadians who have been representing their country in the old world. Mr. W. T. R. Preston came over to explain his connection with the North Atlantic Trading Company. Mr. Jury and Mr. Griffith came over to explain why they travelled third-class on the English railways and charged first-class fare in their expense accounts. As to Mr. Preston's connection with the Trading Company more will be known when the enquiry at Ottawa is concluded. But if he goes down and out he will take his enemies in the service down and out with him. It is a miserable piece of business. Canada gets a mighty poor advertisement when our official representative in Great Britain invites the assistance of the railway companies over there to detect our official agents in knocking down paltry little gains in their travelling expenses. Mr. Preston seems to have been more anxious to make a scandal and destroy his enemies than anything else.

It is probable that there will soon be a revolution in the suburban railway service in and around Toronto, Montreal, and other Canadian cities. The idea originated, so far as I can learn, with some citizens of Brampton who could see no reason why a railroad company should not supply a cheap and rapid service between their town and this city. They believed that with such a service a great many people in Toronto would prefer to live in their town and come in daily, so they laid their proposals before the C. P. R. Word comes from Montreal that one day last week a trial trip was made from that city to Vaudreuil in a new car specially designed for the suburban service. Many prominent officials of the company were present and were greatly pleased with the test. The car uses petroleum as a fuel, is in charge of a motorman and conductor, and can make a speed of sixty miles an hour. A speed of thirty-five miles an hour can be made under ordinary circumstances with a motor-car and trailer, and such a train can be handled by two men instead of the four required where a steam engine is used. I am told that the C. P. R. officials are enthusiastic and will have cars constructed with all possible speed for use in and out of Montreal and Toronto. The new car is much like a first-class railway coach with a glass compartment in front for the motorman, and the saving in operating expenses where short runs are made will enable the company to give such a local service as was not possible with the steam engine. The steam railways have been accused of slowness in not seeking to build up suburban travel, and it has seemed as if the trolley lines could count upon getting this trade whenever they cared to take it, but when these petroleum motor-cars are placed on the tracks of the steam railways—great, heavy, and comfortable coaches, running rapidly and at frequent intervals—the projected new trolley lines will have serious competition.

President Roosevelt made a mistake when he so promptly declined to accept foreign aid for the San Francisco sufferers. He recognizes his error now, but must go through with it in some kind of fashion. At first he underestimated the extent of the disaster, and cheerfully assumed that all the needs of the case could be met by American subscriptions, but it is now apparent that wherever a San Franciscan is found, there will stand a man prepared to censure the President for seeking national vain-glory on the occasion of that city's destruction. It sounded well to refuse outside aid; it illustrated the self-sufficiency of the rich American Republic. But how did it sound to the three hundred thousand people of the stricken city who had neither shelter by night nor food by day except such as was provided for them by the generosity of others? These people were in no mood for questioning the source of the supplies provided. They wanted no national heroics at their expense. The San Francisco Argonaut, one of the best American weeklies, which had everything belonging to it destroyed and did not miss an issue, but reappeared from an office in San Jose, discusses Roosevelt's attitude carefully, and censures it. The article concludes: "If Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman should offer to the Mayor of San Francisco one hundred thousand pounds, naturally Mr. Roosevelt could take no action, officially or otherwise, regarding it, as the matter would not concern him. If, however, the Government of Great Britain, of which Sir Henry is the head, should offer to give one hundred thousand pounds to the Mayor of San Francisco, Mr. Roosevelt could at once interfere. For no foreign Government may have official dealings with the citizens of this Republic save through the formal intermediary of our Foreign Office, which is the Department of State. Therefore if President Roosevelt directs the Department of State to refuse donations offered by Great Britain or any other Government, it is tantamount to forbidding that Government to donate its money to California or to San Francisco in any way. No Government would venture thereafter to attempt to make such a donation. The President's action practically forbids a foreign Government to exercise an act of charity which would give to a stricken domestic community some kindly and well-meant aid. We agree with those who think this action is unnecessary and uncalled for."

The Canadian Government offered, through the Washington authorities, \$100,000 for the relief of San Francisco; Roosevelt declined it. Later some of our newspapers urged that the money should be tendered direct to the municipal authorities of the stricken city, and President Roosevelt's qualifying remarks were quoted to the effect that he could not officially accept foreign aid but could not interfere with the sending of money direct to the Mayor of San Francisco. This is all very well,

but after the stand he has taken, neither the Canadian nor any other Government can forward money to the Mayor of San Francisco without the signed approval of the Department of State at Washington. I see that the Ottawa authorities are punctiliously waiting for the word from Washington that will permit the forwarding of this money, not to the President of the Republic, but to the Mayor of the stricken city, and until that word is spoken the money necessarily remains at Ottawa. Canada exhibited the right spirit of generosity, and is now following correct international usage. Money raised by subscription and contributions from banks, business houses, individuals, and even municipalities, is on a different footing, however, from a sum voted by the Dominion Government, and it would be unfortunate if any such relief were withheld because of the attitude of President Roosevelt.

The rumor got abroad last week that President Loudon of Toronto University had resigned, whereupon all the newspapers came out with editorials justly praising a man who has given forty-two years of useful service to the cause of education. Then came the announcement that the President of the University had not resigned. It reminds one of the story of the old Presbyterian pastor who had his position made so uncomfortable for him

without explanation, notify Lewis that he had sold out in three months. As a house of public accommodation the Normandie is one of the best in West Ontario. So far as violations of law are concerned, it has a record as the other landlords of the town whose licenses have been renewed. The action of the Commissioners appears to be rather high-handed, and gossip does not fail to assign reasons. Landlord Lewis, it seems, had the nerve to appeal against a fine imposed on him, and won his case. Moreover, he is suspected of selling liquor during prohibited hours so artfully as to exasperate those who have failed to secure evidence against him. Apparently it is just as fatal to be under suspicion as under conviction of violating the law. Gossip does not fail to bring politics into the case, too. Lewis is a relative of that Lewis of London who acquired some reputation as a Grit machinist, and the story goes that Mr. Whitney—or was it Mr. Hanna—smote the table (I do not know which table) and declared, "No Lewis will get a license from us." That story needs no denial. It is absurd, but it will do service on the side lines of such a county as Huron, where political strife may sometimes slacken but is never allowed to cease altogether.

There is a point to be considered in this Lewis case. Should a man be deprived of his license without cause? There may be cause in this case, but none is given, and

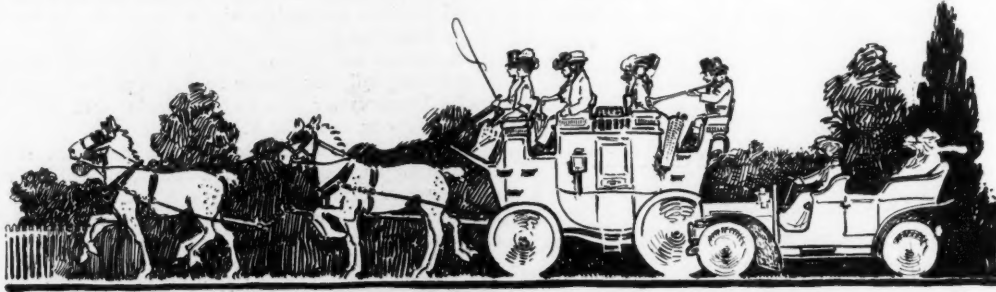
through its commissioners, a determination to secure power for all customers at a fair price. The companies are not going to quit so important a business as theirs. The Province is not going in for red-eyed revolution. No bond-holder will be robbed of a cent to which he has an honest claim. The companies will be free to make money, and the whole thing will simmer down into this, that there will be Government control of rates. The water-powers of the Province will be under public control—they are a tremendous asset, and the State on behalf of the people should lay hold of them and never let go.

Parliament has invited the King and Queen to visit Canada and improbable as it seems that the invitation will be accepted, there can be no doubt that the King's advisers will see that such a visit would have a high political significance. Other nations would recognize the new importance attached to Canada by Great Britain. The political effect here would be incalculable. But how would Australia take it? Suppose the King and Queen landed in Canada, what points would they visit? Could they tarry in Montreal and not come on to Toronto? Could they hold court here and ignore Hamilton? Would not Winnipeg shout that nobody visits Canada who does not cross the West? It is a ticklish business altogether, and the chances are that Their Majesties will not come.

On the street is a rumor to the effect that Lord Northcliffe (Mr. Harmsworth) intends to send over from London one million dollars and a couple of journalists to start a new daily paper in Toronto. It may surprise the reading public to learn that the daily newspapers here are, according to this rumor, too staid and slow to suit the fancy of this eminent London publisher. His idea is to give Toronto a daily paper that will issue about ten editions each day. Stories to this effect have been current for about two years past, but it is improbable that Lord Northcliffe will risk his reputation in any such venture. No city of its size in America has as many and as good daily newspapers as Toronto. The brute force of a million dollars will accomplish much in the daily newspaper field, but strangers coming here with preconceived ideas, challenging the united opposition of six well-established journals, would require every cent of their million in order to make good. If Lord Northcliffe wants to spend the money that Mr. Harmsworth made, the starting of a seventh daily in this city would answer his purpose very well. But if he aims to teach journalism to the colonies, if he wishes to promote imperialism more actively than native editors seem inclined to do, and if he expects to make his crusade self-supporting, he will muss things up pretty badly and be out of pocket. I do not think he will spill a million dollars here. If he longs to crown his career by owning a Toronto daily he should buy one of the six papers already established and retain its staff, making them serve as native guides and interpreters.

Great things were expected from the Railway Commission when it was created, and strangers visiting the country go home and tell wonderful tales of the simple and effective way in which Canada deals with her railway rate problems. Sometimes one wonders whether the railways of this country are not responsible for a good deal of this expressed admiration for the system we have set up. The average business man is unable to see that the Railway Commission is accomplishing much. The Railway Committee at Ottawa used to be influenced by the powerful lobbies that the companies turned loose on the members. Now that the Railway Commission has matters in hand, the trouble is of another sort. The Commissioners are straight enough and not open to influence, but they drift along the current that carries away all men placed in such positions of authority; they grow more and more profoundly respectful for law, for legality, and see all kinds of reasons why nobody should be permitted to do anything that common sense would recommend. Some day there may be such an uprising of business men in this business-man's country that there will be appointed a Railway Commission composed of business men who will forbid any lawyer to come within forty rods of it while it is in session.

Before the Ontario Legislature adjourned Hon. G. W. Ross learned that there is in his party some discontent with the leadership of himself and Mr. Harcourt. Not long ago in a published interview he dismissed all such rumors as idle nonsense, yet in the closing hours of the session, in the Liberal caucus, he was forced to hear members express themselves in almost the identical words I have used in these columns. They said in so many words that they were tired defending an indefensible past, and they served notice on Mr. Ross and Mr. Harcourt that they would not support opposition to the Niagara Power bill designed to "save the face" of these two ex-Ministers. In a word, a living Opposition shudders on finding itself handcuffed to a dead and disastrous Ministry. All through the session the Liberal members have squirmed under the ill luck that placed the Opposition on the defensive in connection with every question that came up. They could not fire a shot without fearing that it would ricochet around the political battlefield and find its billet in the ribs of one or other of the two gifted but doomed gentlemen who sit in the front seats of the Opposition. The Power bill served as a pretext for letting the two leaders know that the party is tired of the past, would be glad to be rid of the past, and would gladly break the links that fetter the party to the past. There are many who, for one reason or another, do not care to utter an ungracious word; rather than do so they would let matters follow their gloomy course to whatever dismal end may be in store. But there are other Liberals in the Legislature, and a multitude outside, who are less in debt to the past than in hope for the future, and they are most eager to have done with the Gagey-Stratton episode and everybody and everything that belonged to that period. There was a deluge. But

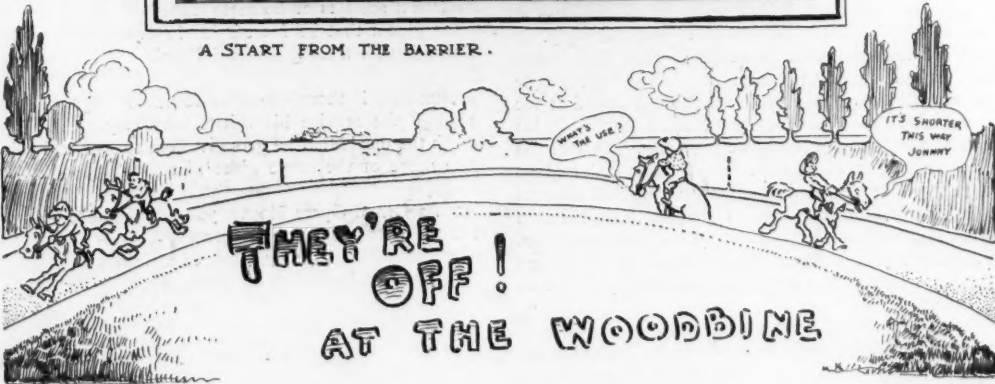


"CAN I BELIEVE MY EYES?  
AT 30% I TOO!"



"SOMETHING  
TOLD ME NOT TO  
PLAY THAT BRUTE  
BUT I DID!"

A START FROM THE BARRIER.



THEY'RE  
OFF!  
AT THE WOODBINE

by a dissatisfied congregation that he resigned, whereupon his now satisfied people decided to give him a generous send-off. The elders spoke so feelingly of the happy relations that had existed, of the fond ties that were being severed, and of the general regret that was felt, that the pastor there and then announced that he withdrew his resignation and would remain with his devoted people. The elders had overplayed their parts. The story has no point in the present case except that some of the newspapers must feel about as the elders did, for they have been advocating new men and new methods for the Provincial University for years past. President Loudon has kept his own counsel of late, and he is not responsible for rumors as to what his personal intentions are, nor for the haste of the press in taking affectionate leave of him. He has rendered useful service to the Province for nearly half a century and should be handsomely treated. An ample retiring allowance should be awarded him. But if the reorganization in University affairs that is now taking place is to have satisfactory results, it appears to be essential that the large powers that will hereafter attach to the Presidency should be placed in the hands of an entirely new man—one who would take up the work in the spirit in which the University Commission mapped it out. The Presidency, under the new order, looks like a job that calls for a competent outsider who will require all the learned professors to toe the mark and get away to a fresh start.

Quite a stir has been made in the town of Clinton by the action of the License Commissioners in granting Peter Lewis of the Normandie Hotel a three-months' license on condition that he sell out in that time. This hotel is a new one, built with money advanced by local capitalists, who were anxious that the town should have a public house that would be a credit to the place. When completed, the hotel was leased to Mr. Lewis of London, who spent some thousands of dollars in suitably furnishing it. Now the Commissioners, without warning and

where none is given, none may exist. However, let it be assumed that the Commissioners had their reasons and deemed them sufficient. Even, then, why did they not call Lewis in and say to him: "For such and such reasons we have decided that you must sell out to somebody who will be acceptable to this Board. You have invested five or six thousand dollars in hotel furnishings and, so that we will not force you to sell out at a loss, we will not make public the fact that your license is good for only three months and will not be renewed to you. Go and sell out—sell out as a going concern. If you have not done so in three months, your license will lapse." Instead of that, everybody is made aware that Lewis has got to sell, prospective buyers will know that he will have to take whatever he can get for his furnishings, fixtures and stock-in-trade. Whatever ground there may have been for taking away his license the man should have been given a chance to get his own money back.

From some quarters comes the complaint that Toronto will reap all the benefit from the action taken by the Ontario Government on the power question. Even were this true the action of the Government would be justified. Why should power-users in Toronto be required to pay double its value for power if the overcharge can be prevented? If the Province had gone into the power business with the money of all the people and if all the direct benefit were delivered to the citizens of one municipality, there would be room for complaint, but the Province has not done that. The Government will merely undertake to see that all users of Niagara power are charged fair rates. If it becomes necessary to buy or build anything in order that Toronto may get electric energy at a fair price, this city will have to put up the money. The same will be the case with Galt, or Woodstock, or any other municipality. What's wrong with that? It is very improbable that Toronto or any other city or town will have to pledge its credit, or that the Province will have to do anything further than exhibit,



what's the use of a deluge if it doesn't wash out the past and permit of a new start?

By the determined action of some of his followers Mr. Ross was prevented from placing his party in opposition to public opinion on the power question. Here and there a Liberal voice is raised in criticism of the course taken by the Government, but on the whole there is a gratifying absence of partisanship in the discussion of this subject. It is not necessary to make of this a party question, and it would be bad politics for the present Opposition to take the wrong side merely to keep the game of politics going. The question, in its present shape, is altogether new, and time may develop occasion for party disagreement concerning it. There was no public opinion, until this year, to warrant a Government in doing what now has been done. Until this year the situation did not summon public opinion to the front. It has only become apparent of late that unless the Province interfered, the profits to be had from the harnessing of Niagara would go into the coffers of the companies with little, if any, advantage to the power users of Ontario. The real situation having now revealed itself, it is not necessary for the Liberals to argue that no such action as has been taken was called for. They have no need to defend those grasping designs of the companies which were not revealed when the Liberals were in power, but which only took form as the companies saw the opportunities they had in hand. Nor need the Liberals argue that there is nothing in the Beck bill that was not in the legislation passed by Mr. Ross. There is much that is new in the Beck bill—a fully developed situation called for something new and effective. The difference between the actions taken by the present and the former Governments in regard to control of power, is the difference between a hit and a miss. It is similar to the Junction pool-room case. Under both Administrations proceedings were taken to close that pool-room. Under the former Government the proceedings were futile; under the present Government the proceedings were successful—the place was slammed shut in a way that meant business, and has been kept shut. Words do not amount to much even in an Act of the Legislature or in a contract with a power company. Behind the words there must be a Government that means business. If the Beck bill is lived up to with energy, it will be a measure that it would be fatal for an Opposition to oppose. It is capable of taking rank as the most important piece of legislation ever passed in the Province. But everything depends on the life and ginger that is put into the operation of it.

Whenever an editor finds life dull let him come out in his paper with an expression of opinion having to do with Canadian art or Canadian artists, and he will have his hands full in short order. In view of the despatches from England in reference to the portraits of the King and Queen painted by Mr. J. Colin Forbes, I ventured last week to offer the opinion that the Canadian Government should have taken the advice of the Royal Canadian Academy, before selecting an artist for this commission, and I suggested that Mr. Robert Harris of Montreal, both by his work and his place in the profession as president of the R. C. A. for years past, was the man who should have had the assignment. That started the trouble, and it has continued ever since. One artist calls and tells me that last week's paragraph was a villainous one; he has no sooner departed than another calls to shake hands with the man who penned so wise an item. One artist congratulates me warmly on the street, another upbraids me by telephone. Having said last week that it is not known whether Mr. Forbes "was actually commissioned to paint these portraits" I am now assured that there is no doubt about it whatever. He was regularly commissioned to do the work. Some claim that he is the greatest portrait painter in Canada; others deny him a place in the front rank. It is quite evident that the artists of this country are not lost in admiration of each other's work. The only thing to do is to await the arrival of the portraits and let them speak for themselves.

Fishery Inspector Shelley of Niagara Falls has been boarding trains of late and breaking open boxes containing shipments of fish from points in Ontario to the big fish dealers across the line. From the newspaper reports it would appear that in a week's operations the inspector only found one shipment that the law did not authorize him to confiscate. Some of the shipments were of pickerel, bass, perch, and whitefish, with no carp or suckers among them, although there were quite a few pike. All these shipments have been confiscated. It is illegal to catch these fish at this time of year, and it is illegal to export some of them at any season. The trade now interrupted by Inspector Shelley is not a new one, but has been going on since spring opened, and is a thriving business every year. At last the right way to stop the ruinous drain on our game fish has been resorted to. It is no easy task to compel fishermen to return bass and pickerel to the water when they have caught them. Men who are out at dawn of day alone in the lake or river, and who expect to box their fish unseen, will not hesitate to ship bass when they know they will get more money for them than for anything else they can send away. But when they learn that the various ports of exit from the Province are guarded by inspectors ready to confiscate all shipments that contain fish that cannot be legally caught or exported, they will hurriedly mend their ways. Still the seizure of these tons of fish should not end the matter, for these men have slaughtered thousands of game fish, and if they are to be taught, not only to observe the law while they have to, but to respect it, they should be prosecuted and heavily fined. The waters of this Province have long been raked of fish in the spring before sportsmen have got abroad. The very men who do it perpetrate a great folly against themselves, destroying their own future livelihood.

It is reported that anglers, non-resident in the Province, may be required to take out a rod license at a cost of two dollars. To this hotelmen and railway officials may object. There would be one advantage in it, at any rate, for it would give the authorities an opportunity to furnish each tourist, along with his license, a printed resume of the regulations and a statement of what the sportsman's attitude ought to be where game fish are concerned. Some American visitors have wantonly destroyed black bass in this Province, and have boasted of their prowess, oblivious of the fact that they violated the law and all the traditions of true sportsmanship. Before resorting to harsher measures it might be well to require every stranger to take out a license and fully inform him of the conditions on which it is granted. But the men with nets, who plunder our waters every spring, and export game fish by the ton, are the worst offenders.

MACK.

## HIS GOOD FORTUNE



Beggar (piteously)—Ah, sir, I am very hungry.  
Dyspeptic (savagely)—Then have the decency to keep your good fortune to yourself. I haven't had an appetite for years.—Tatler.

## In the San Francisco Horror

NOTES BY A CANADIAN NEWSPAPER MAN WHO WAS AN EYE WITNESS

MARTIAL law was declared four hours after the earthquake, when it became apparent that the fire fiend would rage unchecked for days among the debris. For months these soldiers had been cooped up in quarters at the fort and suffered from inactivity. They were in no condition to exercise the unlimited authority so suddenly placed in their hands, and I saw them grievously abuse their power and enjoy the terror they inspired in the people about them. Their first taste of blood came when they were compelled to shoot down unfortunates pinned beneath the wrecks of shattered buildings in the path of the flames, to end their terrible sufferings. I saw them despatch no less than a score of these, and each soldier that performed what should have been a deed of mercy went almost insane, and thereafter sought pretexts for violence.

In one instance, south of Market street, a tenement had to come down. The lieutenant in charge, a beardless youth, apparently just out of his teens, gave the order to blast immediately. A bronzed soldier stepped up and saluted and said:

"There are several people in there now. We had better get them out first, hadn't we?"

"To — with them! Set her off!" was the reply.

Some of the men with more sense than their commander, rushed into the premises and hurried the people out. Meanwhile the young officer fretted and fumed at the delay and threatened his men with court-martial if his commands were not obeyed more promptly. At last the shot was ready, the wires were laid and the order given for those to retire out of danger's way. At that moment there was a cry from the topmost story, and an old man stuck his head out of the window. Everybody saw him. The lieutenant did, I know, but he gave the command and the blast was shot. The unfortunate body was torn into shreds.

"It served him right," was the remark of the lieutenant, as he ordered his squad to move on to another scene of action. And then, as if to laugh at the young officer's work, the flames broke out of the ruins of the house, which should have been laid low without a spark.

In the excitement that followed I soon forgot about this particular officer, and it was not until ten days later that I ran across him again. He occupied a cell in the detention ward of an emergency hospital, and was declared by the attending physicians to be hopelessly insane. I was not surprised.

From the very beginning looting was in evidence. The stealing started an hour after the shake-up, and in fact as soon as the evil-minded ones had had an opportunity to collect their wits. I was in Market street an hour after the shock, when the lower part of the town burst into flames, and there I saw scores of thieves breaking into the huge emporiums and carrying away piles and piles of valuables. But the things stolen then were all but useless to anybody. I saw one ferocious-looking fellow carrying away an ivory pedestal worth about \$5,000, which he could not have lugged more than a few blocks. Huge clocks and heavy pieces of furniture figured among the loot, only to be taken a few blocks and then allowed to rest and be burned up with cheaper articles. These looters worked hard and for nothing.

After the fires had died out and the ruins had cooled off somewhat, looting was resumed. It became so bad that the police had to arrest people in wholesale numbers and take from them the loot they were endeavoring to get away with. It will never be possible to even estimate the value of the property stolen from the ruins of San Francisco.

The earthquake uncovered one of the most prodigious grafts ever made in California when it shook the Leland Stanford, Jr., University to the foundations. For years it has been hinted that the people who put up that pile with the money of the late Senator Stanford and his wife, who died in Honolulu not so many months ago, was not what it had been intended it should be. Huge blocks of stone supposed to be used in the construction of the many buildings turn out to be mere shells filled in with debris

of the rottenest kind. Ten millions of dollars were supposed to have been spent in building the university buildings. To-day there is nothing left but ruins, and it is impossible to rebuild without doing the entire work over again. It is said that the Professor of Engineering would take his class over the premises and point out the defects in construction, and hold up the building as object lessons about "how buildings should not be constructed." The graft on that institution must have been upwards of five millions of dollars. There are scores of like instances in this Land of Sunshine and Flowers. Many have grown rich over the faulty construction of buildings of all kinds, but the most flagrant instance yet come to light is the disgraceful manner in which the Leland Stanford University was thrown together.

## Gasoline Motor Railway Coaches.

The Union Pacific Railroad has just had designed a remarkable passenger coach, and the tests to which it is being subjected are being watched with great interest. It is driven by a 100-horse-power six-cylinder gasoline engine, which has a wide range of control, and the car is easily operated by one man. It is about the shape of a torpedo and can be run at a speed of from forty to sixty miles an hour. The following interesting description of its construction is taken from a lengthy article in the *Railway and Engineering Review*:

The car is specially designed for climbing grades and has several new arrangements, the most conspicuous of which is the ventilation of the cars, the windows being round, similar to port-holes on steamships, and is air, water, and dustproof. The car has also a side entrance in the middle of the car instead of at the end.

The first trial run made developed good climbing ability over the grades, developing a speed of forty miles an hour with ease. The new method of ventilation fairly well avoids the close and sometimes foul atmospheric conditions so often encountered in electric and other cars; sufficiently so to predict complete success in this direction. The vibration and noise of the engine were largely eliminated and the mechanism of the car worked splendidly on its first trial run. The Union Pacific officials were much pleased and believe that the final result of these experiments will show this to be a most perfect car of the kind. The operator can stop the engine and apply full brake power in less than half a second.

With its steel sills and bracing, the steel carlines and ribs and the angle-bracing and outside steel shell, the new car is one of remarkable strength, affording great safety to passengers in case of accidents or wrecks, as the structural design and strength of car almost entirely preclude the possibility of telescoping. In spite of its strength, the car is of wonderfully light design, the total weight being 56,000 pounds.

The line of design of the car body is similar to that of a racing yacht, inverted, the front end of car being tapered off into a sharp point and the roof being rounded off from the top, presenting no flat surface to the resistance of the atmosphere; the rear of car is rounded off, avoiding the vacuum produced by square-end cars.

## The Hub of the Province.

The man from Toronto where'er he may roam  
In Ontario, old or new,  
Will always encounter reminders of home  
That will keep him from feeling too blue.

The traveller who misses his train back to town,  
And is stalled the week-end in Jonesville,  
Need not recklessly start in to ennuui drown  
With the stuff that they brew and distil.

Let him take a walk out and a look up and down,  
And he'll see bits of home to dispel  
All the gloom that he feared, for in every town  
There is now a King Edward Hotel.

What matters it though local option *does* reign,  
Though the service his spirits may cloy,  
Though the meals that he gets give him sorrow and pain—  
The name of the house gives him joy.

There's a Grand Opera House, you may be sure of that—  
It's the name all the halls proudly bear—  
And a Mendelssohn Choir. Indeed it is flat  
"Toronto's" mirrored here, there, everywhere.

Her people and problems hold interest for all,  
Where'er through the Province we roam,  
And the man from Toronto what'er may befall,  
Or wherever he is, feels at home.

HAL.

The Grand Duke Alexis is so discouraged by the insecurity of things in Russia that he has shaken the dust of his native land for ever off his feet and has purchased a permanent residence in Paris. His new home, a sumptuous palace at Parc des Princes close to the fortifications, will, when completed, with the possible exception of the Trianon, be the stateliest private residence in the French capital. Alexis has always been a Parisian at heart and is said out of sheer disgust with his own country, and above all with his Imperial nephew, to have more than once expressed a desire to become a naturalized Frenchman.

The death was announced in County Tyrone, Ireland, recently of George Fletcher, the oldest British subject, so far as known. He was one hundred and eighteen years old. King Edward recently presented Fletcher with a gold snuff-box.

*Wm Pitt & Co*

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Amsterdam employs annually a good sized army of expert Diamond Cutters. The finest stones produced are cut in this interesting city that British South Africa Diamonds have made famous. WE PURCHASE THE "AMSTERDAM CUT" STONES IN LARGE QUANTITIES—quantities that enable us to obtain decided price advantages. Enquire about our \$100.00 Solitaire Diamond Rings for Ladies or Gents, mounted in 18k. fine gold.

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## ART POTTERY

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Weddings are beautified by our flowers, and you are always assured of their perfect freshness.

Let us know your favorite flower and we will furnish prices for the lovely Shower Bouquets, or write us for suggestions. Roses, Carnations, Orchids, Sweet Peas, and all seasonal varieties. We guarantee delivery.

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NEW ADDRESS:  
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In Lawn Rollers we have all sizes from 265 lbs. to 1,400 lbs.

Water Rollers from \$10.00 to \$45.00 each.

A guaranteed, high-grade, matchless Ball Bearing Mower, five blades, 16-inch, \$12.00 each.

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Interest allowed at three and one-half per cent. per annum, calculated on the Daily Balance.

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Capital Paid-Up - \$1,000,000  
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## SPECIAL EXCURSIONS TO Old Mexico and California

SEASON OF 1906  
From June 24th to July 6th, the Wabash will sell round-trip tickets from all stations on the Wabash to City of Mexico at lowest first-class fare, plus \$2.00; final return limit September 15th, 1906. This will be a grand opportunity to see this grand old historic country.

Special excursion to California from June 24th to July 6th, inclusive, round-trip tickets will be sold from Toronto to San Francisco at \$76.90, via all direct lines, with liberal stop-overs. Corresponding low rates from other points, good to return any time before September 15th, 1906.

For full particulars address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

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## VICTORIA DAY

Going May 23 and 24  
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Between all stations in Canada, also to Detroit and Port Huron, Michigan, Niagara Falls, and Buffalo, N.Y.

For tickets and full information call on agents.

## TORONTO THE INVESTOR MONTREAL



MR. S. J. MOORE,  
Toronto.

Montreal, May 17.  
The city of Montreal has not one chance in a thousand of beating out the Montreal Light, Heat, and Power Company in its fight for cheap gas, and therefore the stock selling around 92 looks pretty cheap; particularly as the forthcoming statement will show the net earnings to be in the neighborhood of 8 per cent., or 4 per cent. more than is necessary for the present dividend. The aldermen themselves who have been in the thick of the negotiations now unwillingly admit that anything like a flat rate of 80 cents per thousand will not be considered for a moment by the Power officials, and that the city will be lucky if it succeeds in obtaining a rate of 95 cents for cooking and lighting gas, in return for a fifteen-year extension of franchise. This decrease in rate, from the \$1 and \$1.20 now in force, will, when the growth of the city is taken into consideration, make little difference in the net profits of the merger. At the same time, however, the Power Company is slowly and gradually building up a reputation for hogishness, selfishness and a disregard for the public which will in time tell greatly against it from a business point of view. Getting next to the people, obtaining the good will of those with whom it is obliged to deal, and upon whose trade they are dependent is not the policy of President H. S. Holt and his directorate. They have long forgotten that the best asset a public service corporation can have is a fair and open understanding with the people. Bigger men than those who control the destinies of the Light, Heat, and Power Company are getting to understand what a valuable thing the public's good will is, and some day they will realize it also.

In the meantime the merger is standing out for the very highest price for both gas and electricity, the consequence being that private corporations are installing electrical plants in all portions of the city and suburbs, for the purpose of supplying themselves and their neighbors with both power and light. Such concerns as the S. Carsley Co., Henry Morgan & Co., the Montreal Star, the Municipality of Westmount with its ten thousand people, the Montreal Board of Trade, and dozens of other large consumers have, or are about to have, plants of their own. These are among the most valuable customers that a power company could cater to. They could all be served by the merger at a good margin of profit and at the same time give the necessary electrical current at a figure that would defy all small competition. But no, they prefer to continue their "public be damned" policy and lose the business. Herbert S. Holt is no fool—at least not in most things. In the early days he bossed a gang of men on construction work out on the C. P. R. He has been a successful business man. He is rich. But he cannot handle the public as he might a gang of workmen. Some day, perhaps when it is too late, the stockholders of the Light, Heat, and Power Company will awake to the necessity of a change of policy; and then the presidency of this corporation will be filled by a man more in accord with the spirit of the age—a man who can see that the company's own interests lie more in the extension of Montreal, and the augmented use of gas and electricity, than in the profits of to-day and tomorrow.

The statements of the Bank of Montreal, issued semi-annually are always interesting documents. The latest one, covering the half-year ending April 30th, shows the net profits to have been \$840,000, or \$120,000 more than the dividend requirements. This brings their profit and loss balance up to \$922,000, so it is fair to presume that with the end of the next six months they will add another million dollars to their reserve account, making it \$11,000,000 in all. The policy of the bank is not to increase the dividends, no matter what the earnings may be; and as a matter of fact it is hard to say what their real earnings are, for certainly the annual statement does not show them. For instance, the bank's building account stands at \$600,000, the same as it has for many years back. As indicating even an approximate value of the bank's real estate the amount is absurd. Within three years' time the bank has expended a good deal upward of a million dollars upon the head office building on St. James street, Montreal, not to speak of what has been spent upon numerous other branches throughout the country. Of course, no one outside the main office is in a position to state positively, but it would be well within the truth to place the big institution's real estate holdings at upwards of \$5,000,000. The bank never purchases anything but the very best locations and places thereon structures which are a credit to them. But no matter how big the expenditure the statements never give even an inkling. "I believe in that policy," said Sir George Drummond, president of the bank, to the writer one day when they together were viewing the interior of the head office, a structure which is perhaps the finest building of its kind in the world. "It's not what a building costs," continued Sir George, "but what it would bring at a forced sale; what it would be worth as an asset to the stockholders in the worst of bad times." When an institution is able to bury a sum equal to more than one-third of its paid-up capital in real estate without showing a cent of it upon the annual statement, or without decreasing the net earnings to any visible extent, it gives at least a glimpse of what a mighty power in the monetary world the Bank of Montreal is.

The Canadian Rubber Company, under its new management, has begun to branch out. Some days ago they announced that their capital would be extended from one and one-half to two million dollars, the same to be applied to increasing the present plant; and now it is further announced that the Granby Rubber Company, over whose destinies Mr. S. H. C. Miner presides, is about to be merged with the first-named concern. As Mr. Miner has accumulated a fortune which runs into big figures and has done more than his share of the world's work, it is but natural that he should now wish to be relieved of some of his responsibilities. Mr. Miner's profits in Granby Consolidated, the big British Columbia copper proposition, must be very large indeed. The value of this stock is now upward of three times what it was, while the readjustments and reorganizations have also tended to build up the price

for the original holders. Mr. Miner's holdings are still very large in spite of the fact that the control has gone into American hands. He deserves it all, for without his backing the property would never have been developed, at least not in our lifetime.

Toronto, May 17.  
It is not difficult to detect the great change in sentiment that has occurred in local Stock Exchange circles within the past two weeks. Brokers and their clients are in a very cheery mood, and one would hardly suppose that only a fortnight ago this same class of people was disturbed more or less with forebodings of dire calamity which was bound to come sooner or later, and envelop at least a few of them. This great change in the tone of the Street is due to the fact that considerable money has been made and is still accumulating by favorable turns in the stock market. The mascot is Mackay common, which has had an almost uninterrupted advance of 10 to 12 points in price. The dealings in this issue have comprised nearly one-half of the total business done on 'Change, and, of course, the commissions from the trading in this particular issue have been relatively large. There is no definite news with regard to the property; the dividend is only 2 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually. Anybody will tell you that a 2-per-center in the seventies is absurd manipulation. But the stock has really been the strongest one on the list for some time past. Those who have been buying Mackay common say the dividend is to be increased to 3, and others say 4 per cent. It is believed by some that after the half-yearly dividend of 1 per cent. in July next, the company will pay 1 per cent. quarterly. The price of the stock has fully discounted a yearly dividend of 3 per cent. At 72 the yield on the investment on a 3 per cent. issue would only be 4.16 per cent. per annum. The Mackays Companies' last statement, which was in February, did not in the least indicate larger disbursements to shareholders, but rather discouraged shareholders, many of whom were induced to sell. Profits were to be expended in extending and improving the property. There is a suspicion held by some that a deal of some kind is being consummated, which will be of advantage to the property. A report, however, came from New York early in the week that stock was being supplied by Clarence Mackay's house.

The successful speculation in Mackay is having the effect of broadening the local market. Other issues are being taken up and made attractive, especially Sao Paulo and the Coal and Steel securities. The latter have lain dormant for some time, and insiders are said to favor higher prices. The Coal Company is doing remarkably well, and it is thought that dividends are again in sight. Good buying in Nova Scotia Steel and Dominion Steel is reported. Twin City and City Dairy are also receiving some attention on account of increased earnings. Canadian Pacific has done but little in this advancing market, but its friends say the stock will show up to advantage before very long. The gross receipts of this company in the present fiscal year, from July 1st, 1905, to May 7th, 1906, aggregate \$51,481,000, which is an increase of \$9,160,000 as compared with the corresponding period of last year. Indications are that the total receipts for the current fiscal year will exceed \$60,000,000, which, of course, will be the greatest on record.

Some important advances in prices of bank shares have taken place of late, the investing public being attracted by rumors of increased dividends as well as new stock issues in one or two instances. The six months' statement of the Bank of Montreal and the return for eleven months of the Imperial Bank were most satisfactory, both indicating that the earning power of these institutions is still in the ascendancy. There is no official authority for the street report that the Imperial will hereafter pay shareholders 12 per cent., but the condition of the property, and its capacity to earn about 17 per cent. on its increased stock of about a million dollars within the past year, seem to justify the opinion held that shareholders are entitled to a larger distribution of profits. The appointment of Mr. Clarence Atkinson Bogert to the position of general manager of the Dominion Bank is considered a good one in financial circles. For about eight years he has been manager of the bank in Montreal, and only recently he was elected to the Council of the Montreal Board of Trade. The stock of the Dominion Bank, which lately sold off to 268, has risen above 274, and it is rumored that a million new stock is being considered. The reserve fund of this bank, as well as that of the Bank of Toronto and Bank of Nova Scotia exceeds the paid-up capital. A number of banks are now being quoted ex-dividend, viz.: Commerce, Ontario, Toronto, Merchants, Montreal, Quebec, Union, and Traders, and the dividends will be paid on June 1st. Standard also will pay a dividend on the same date. These, with other disbursements, are likely to have the effect of producing an easier money market.

The expansion of Canadian banks has necessarily caused a large expenditure of money on bank premises. These undoubtedly are profitable investments, and the capital employed in the buying and building of banking premises is a more judicious way of using the shareholders' funds than it would be of leasing properties in which to conduct a banking business. However, when one examines the returns of our banks, it will be seen that the expenditure for "banking premises" have very materially increased as compared with a few years ago, the figures being \$12,076,500, as against \$6,599,000. The increase is over 85 per cent. in five years, as against an increase in capital during the same period of 28 per cent. Canadian banks are debarred by the Act from dealing in real estate. The increases in funds used for banking premises are mostly by the smaller banks, the Bank of Montreal and the Bank of Commerce being the same as five years ago. The value of bank premises by the former bank is \$600,000, and of the Bank of Commerce \$1,000,000. The Ontario Bank is the only other bank that values its bank premises the same as five years ago, viz., \$125,000. The Dominion

Hon. Wm. Gibson, President.

J. Turnbull, Vice-Prest. and General Manager.

## BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - \$2,500,000  
Reserve Fund - 2,500,000  
Total Assets - 29,000,000

Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

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A Cigar which has an International Reputation.

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A CORNER OF THE GRILL ROOM.  
(70 YONGE ST.)

## The Touch of the Artist

is visible everywhere in the

## St. Charles Dutch Grill

It is very evident in the decorations, which are both rich and quaint. It is also very noticeable—that touch of the artist—in the cooking and the service, which are all that the epicure and connoisseur can possibly desire.

MUSIC DURING DINNER AND ALSO AFTER THE THEATRE

## More Horrible.

Bank's premises are down for \$800,000, as against \$422,740 five years ago. The Toronto Bank puts its banking property at \$480,000, as compared with \$200,000 in 1901. The Imperial's banking premises \$926,975, as against \$380,405 five years ago. Bank of Hamilton \$765,728, as against \$309,264 in 1901. The Traders' \$435,000, as against \$149,105. The Standard is only \$109,920, as against \$100,000 in 1901. The Merchants' banking property is placed at \$1,029,360, as against \$741,000 five years ago. The Bank of Ottawa \$519,954, as against \$150,000. Molsons \$400,000, as against \$300,000. The Union \$969,417, as against \$303,300. The Nova Scotia \$259,284, as against \$65,000, and the Bank of British North America \$817,658, as against \$561,600 in 1901.

The new superintendent was visiting the school, and teacher was managing the recitation in Grecian mythology to the best of her ingenuity. A number of beautiful legends had been glibly told off by the bright pupils, and then teacher glanced down the page to find an easy one for John. She hit upon "The Gorgons," and the dullest boy in the class was requested to describe these amazing creatures. He lumbered to his feet, and responded promptly. "The Gorgons are three sisters that live in the Islands of the Hesperides, somewhere in the Indian Ocean. They have long snakes for hair, tusks for teeth and claws for nails, and look much like a woman, only more horrible." — "Harper's Magazine."



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**20c each, 3 for 50c**

**W.P.R. LINEN Collars**

Any collar thus branded saves much in money and more in comfort. Made of **W.P.R.** linen because nothing else wears so well, specially sewn better than most makers think needful. You'll find out why when you compare by wear. Demand the brand. 17

**W.P.R. Makers, Berlin, Canada**

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Yonge and Carlton Streets.

**Summer Cottage**

For Rent, Furnished

Delightfully situated, on Scarboro Bluffs, overlooking Lake Ontario; large lawn, well shaded, vegetable garden, spring water.

Cottage is completely and artistically furnished, including china, glass, linen, and silverware; two minutes from Suburban electric cars; daily service from tradesmen; photos supplied; only tenant without children desired. Further particulars at

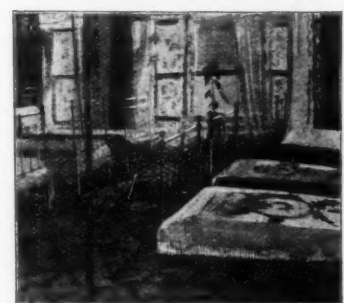
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**Caterers and Manufacturing Confectioners**

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**Visitors to the Races**

will find Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths the best place to stop at while in Toronto. The best spring tonic one can take to relieve that seedy, nervous, bilious, and gripe feeling is a few baths at Cook's; they tone up the whole system, making one feel that they have been rejuvenated and never felt better.

Open day and night, with excellent sleeping accommodation. A dainty bill of fare served day and night.

**202 and 204 King St. West**

Phone Main 1286

**BEFORE THE RACES**

Now is the time to begin to have your complexion look well for the spring event—the races.

**OUR FACE TREATMENTS**

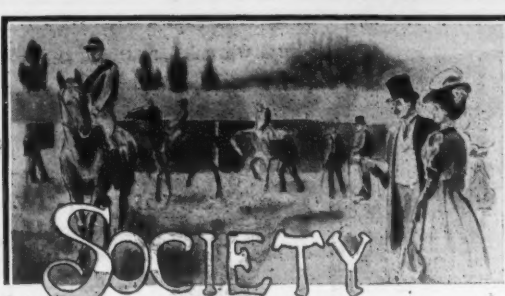
will make you look well and more youthful than you did a year ago. They banish lines and wrinkles, restore natural color to faded cheeks, remove discolorations and are most restful and beneficial.

**We've given over One Hundred Treatments a month this year. HAVE YOU HAD ONE?**

**Superfluous Hair, Moles, etc., etc.,** ways permanently eradicated by our method of electrolysis—satisfaction guaranteed. Send or phone N. 1666 for booklet.

**Graham Dermatological Institute**

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**SOCIETY**

The last meeting of the Royal Grenadier Chapter 1. O. D. E. was held on Thursday at Deancroft, the residence of the Regent. May 12, Batoche day, was observed by the members of this chapter placing flowers on the graves of those who fell in 1885, and are interred in the various city cemeteries.

That big things bring in big money was illustrated by the success of the May fete in aid of the Aged People's Home which was held in St. James' schoolhouse on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Luncheon, tea, ice cream, musical programmes, and any amount of fun were the offerings which tempted women to linger down town, and men to forsake their usual lunch-rooms for the bliss of being served by dainty white hands and smiled upon by fascinating bright eyes. Every Anglican church sent its quota of charm. The first day the head waitresses and general overseers were Mrs. Mulock and Mrs. Haydn Horsey, who looked lovely in their smart gowns and tiny aprons, called by the profane name of "fig-leaves." Lady Pellatt and Mrs. Albert Gooderham were hostesses for afternoon tea, and all day the waitresses in the white frocks and smart Normandy bonnets were kept very busy. The numbers fed was phenomenal, nearly a thousand, I am informed, taking the very excellent luncheon.

Miss Jennie Fielding is coming to visit Mrs. Mulock in her new home, immediately after the Borden-Macoun wedding in Ottawa on the 22nd. Mrs. Mulock was besieged with callers last Tuesday, but will not receive until next autumn.

A luncheon, to which guests are asked to meet the Governor-General, will be given by the directors of the O. J. C. on Tuesday at 1.15 at the Woodbine.

Very seldom is it possible for a husband and wife to celebrate their golden wedding by a repetition of their wedding trip, but Mr. and Mrs. Small of Berkeley House, King street east, did so last Tuesday. Fancy the change of conditions of travel which would force themselves upon the notice of this couple who found it quite a serious journey in those far days to the great cataract! Changes everywhere, even in the Falls, but for those two loyal hearts only the change of a deeper and wiser affection.

The news of the death of Mr. Thorold of St. Williams, which reached Toronto this week, was not quite unexpected. Mr. Thorold was in town a few weeks ago, a bright and cherished guest of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Mabey. He left for home in good health and spirits, but on the journey suffered a stroke of apoplexy, and never recovered his strength, sinking gradually. Mrs. Mabey, Mrs. Alexander Davidson, and Miss Elsie Thorold, his daughters, have many good friends here who deeply sympathize with them and with the aged widow of Mr. Thorold in their sorrow.

Mrs. Stewart Houston and her little daughter have gone to Barrie for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard McMurray are occupying the Houston house in Cluny avenue, where the bride received on Thursday and Friday afternoons, assisted by her sister, Mrs. A. P. Burritt. On Friday another bride, Mrs. Charles Michie (nee Hanlan) held her post-nuptial reception at her new home, 11 Roxborough street west.

The marriage of Miss Emily Sprague and Mr. Trevor Gwynne will be celebrated in St. George's church on the second of June at three o'clock.

Mrs. and Miss Barwick have sailed for Canada. Mrs. Auden and her family leave for England next week.

Miss McLeod of St. George street, who has been in the South for a year, for her health, is home and attended Miss Henderson's wedding. She is to visit her sister, Mrs. Manning, in New Brunswick, before settling down for the summer here.

The *Hiawatha* is plying to the Yacht Club and a good many have gone over to look about a bit. The new Commodore, Dr. Albert A. Macdonald, is a true sport and yachtsman, and will be a most popular officer-in-chief of the R. C. Y. C. Ex-Commodore Stephen Haas set a smart pace, many and important events having transpired during his term of office. This year very distinguished visitors are expected. I was wondering whether Lord Roberts won't happen along, and they say H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught is thinking of a Canadian tour, the third for him in Canada.

Mrs. Alder Bliss of Ottawa came up last week to spend some time in Toronto with her aunt, Mrs. O'Brien, who is going to the North-West. Mrs. Bliss has been quietly entertained and enjoyed the excellent presentation of *Shylock* by Sothorn, and Willard's wonderful acting in *The Man That Was*, a piece of art in which every trace of Willard's own personality disappeared, as used to be the case with Henry Irving when acting *Corporal Brewster* in *Waterloo*. On Tuesday evening strong men were confounded by their sympathies, and tears were openly shed and wiped away by soldiers who had looked death in the face on more than one battlefield, when *The Man That Was* lay dying on the colors of the White Hussars.

Rohallion is once more open house, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny having returned from their trip abroad.

Among the many guests at Mrs. Mortimer Clark's final reception last week, Mrs. J. K. Osborne was particularly handsome all in violet, gown and hat. The young officers who left Toronto for that dull station, St. John's, near Montreal, were at the reception making regretful adieux to equally regretful friends. Mrs. Nelles, I hear, will not go down permanently yet. Major Nelles, Mr. MacMillan, D.S.O., Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Kings-

ford—"We shall meet and we shall miss them!" as I heard one of the prettiest women at the reception say. The Garrison church parade to Massey Hall was not held, on account of severe rain last Sunday. The R. C. D. left town on Tuesday morning amid cheers and good wishes.

Mr. Bertram Denison is in town and will be here for a lengthened stay, some two years or so.

Mr. Hertzberg of the C.P.R., who has gone on promotion to Montreal, is regretted by many friends in Toronto. Mrs. Hertzberg went down last week to say good-bye to her second son, Charlie, who has gone to Norway and elsewhere for a long visit. Among the handsome young men who turned out in goodly numbers at the reception at Government House last week was Mr. H. Hertzberg, eldest son of the C. P. R. official. Mrs. Cawthra of Yeaton Hall was also a visitor, her first call since her widowhood.

Mrs. John Laurie of Dorchester street, Montreal, and her son and daughter are in town for a stay of some duration, and are at the Marlborough, Jarvis street.

Mr. W. C. Muir of New York is spending his holidays in town.

Motoring has become the rage with fortunate owners of up-to-date cars, and country runs are the delight of motorists and their lucky friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Parsons of Beaumont road are off to Holland and England for a holiday tour.

The president and directors' luncheon at the Woodbine this afternoon opens what promises to be a fine fortnight's racing, and guesses are many as to the winner of the King's Plate. Court Martial, Mr. Dymont's entry, was a favorite all week, and a good deal of money is now upon him. Visitors from all over Canada, staid and skylark, old and young, some from abroad, China, Australia, and Great Britain being represented, lords and ladies, beauties and beaux will gather on the Members' Lawn when the flag falls at 2.30. If the glorious weather of mid-week holds out we shall have a hugely smart Meet. The Jockey Club has been most generous in invitations and the acceptances are gratifyingly numerous.

Mr. W. Grant Morden of London, England, formerly of Toronto, was in town on Monday, and left the same evening for Ottawa to join Lord and Lady Templeton, with whom he came out from England. Mr. Morden will be in town for the Races, and to visit his people, who are stopping at the Queen's until they go up to Muskoka.

There isn't room for another guest at the Hunt Club this evening, every corner having been engaged days ago. The Lambton, Toronto Golf, and Hunt Clubs have been most popular this week and are looking their best. Miss Quinlan has undertaken the duties of manager at Lambton Club-house, ensuring a good season for those partaking of the Club's hospitality.

Mr. Arthur Wilson has been appointed accountant in the New York office of the Canadian Bank of Commerce; he has been in the London, England, office for some years. Before taking up his new duties Mr. Wilson visited his sister, Mrs. Bethune, in London the less.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark will entertain at dinner in honor of His Excellency next Saturday evening at Government House. On Monday Mrs. Mortimer Clark is giving a luncheon of thirty-six covers in honor of Lady Sybil Grey. His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark will attend the directors' luncheon at the Woodbine this afternoon with the Misses Mortimer Clark, and His Honor has also accepted an invitation to a luncheon next Tuesday at the Woodbine, which the officers of the Jockey Club are giving in honor of the Governor-General. The Toronto Hunt will, on two occasions, furnish a mounted escort in pink for His Excellency when he enters the Races in State, by the east gates, en route from Glen Stewart.

Mr. Travers Kirkland has sailed for Canada. Like Mr. Bertram Denison, this young officer has been "seconded," which means in military parlance granted a residence of two years in Canada on leave from their regiments. Mr. Denison, King's Own Yorkshire Regiment, is a son of Captain John Denison, R.N., and Captain Kirkland is the only son of Mr. Angus Kirkland of St. George street, who is now a very sick man.

Everyone is finding their way to the Princess this week, and Mr. Willard's great presentation of Kipling's story of *The Man Who Was* has provoked much attention and enthusiasm. On Tuesday night there was a very representative audience, and this evening many are going to see this most intense bit of tragedy and pathos.

Miss Langmuir gave a luncheon on Tuesday for her cousins, Mrs. Wyndham and Mrs. Kingscote, who are in town.

Miss Eva Delamere has returned from a very pleasant visit to her brother and his wife in Stratford.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Delamere of Simcoe street are going to their summer place at Balsam Lake for a little visit next week.

Miss Bessie Marsh, who is studying in the Chase School of Art in New York, has been successful in gaining one of the fifteen scholarships open to a competition class of a thousand students. Her Toronto friends will send her warm congratulations.

The marriage of Count Komola Broglio D'Ajauno of Rome and Mrs. F. C. Moffatt, daughter of the late David Walker of Toronto took place about a fortnight ago. The Count and Countess are to spend the summer at the Count's villa at Treia on the Adriatic.

Lord Rathmore has told a friend how he once took "Ouida" in to dinner and how disappointed he was to find that the novelist devoted herself to the dishes rather than to intellectual refreshment. He said at last, in despair at having only been able to get "Yes" and "No" in answer to the different subjects he introduced: "I'm afraid I'm singularly unfortunate in my choice of topics. Is there anything we could talk about to interest you?" To which the chronicler of society's shortcomings replied: "There is one thing which would interest me very much. Tell me about the duchesses; I have written about them all my life and never met one yet."

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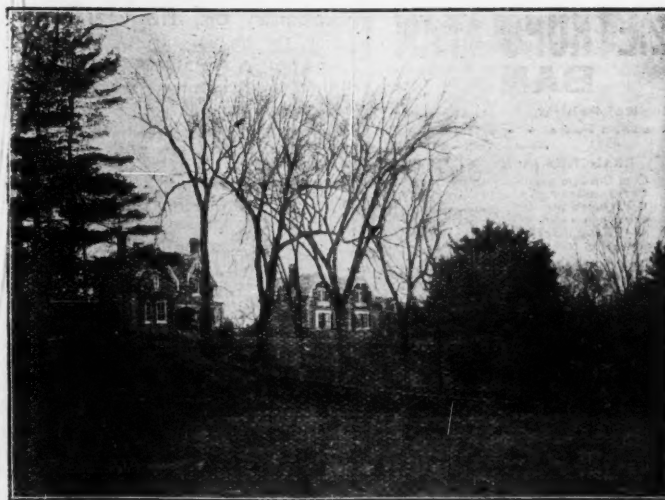
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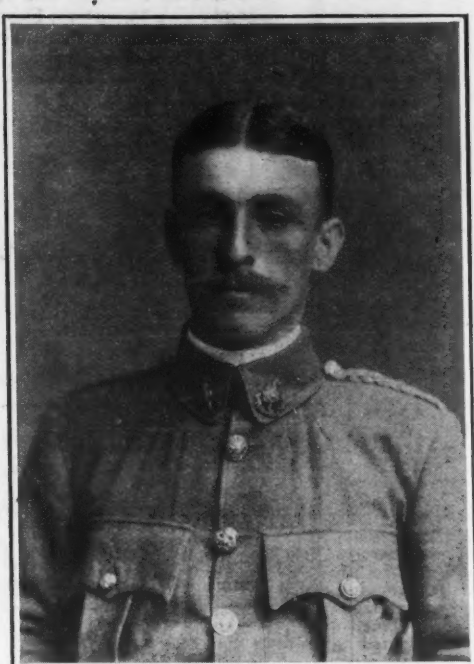
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IX.



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### Social and Personal.

The Governor-General and Lady Sybil Grey will be the guests of the Ontario Jockey Club at the Races this afternoon. Lord and Lady Templeton were expected in Toronto from Ottawa last night, and were to put up at the Queen's, where rooms were reserved for them early in the week. However, though it was settled that Lord Grey and his party should occupy Glen Stewart, Mr. Ames' country place in the Kingston road, the location of the Irish viscount and his English vicountess might be a private home, as at least one wealthy householder has invited them to be his guests during their visit to Toronto.

Some of the papers persist in announcing that Countess Grey will visit Toronto with His Excellency, though everyone knows she went abroad last month, and still remains there.

Captain Gerald Trotter, D.S.O., who sacrificed a good left arm for King and country in South Africa, has received acknowledgment of his excellent tact and judgment while in attendance on Prince Arthur of Connaught, during the tour of the Dominion recently made, in the bestowal upon the gallant Captain of the Victorian Order of the fourth class. Everyone who knows him is a friend of the recipient and will be glad of his new honor.

On Tuesday afternoon, little Miss Bickford held quite a drawing-room at the home of her grandparents, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, in St. George street. Baby worship "comes natural" to the right sort of women, and the small Anglo-Indian received the homage of her friends with truly imperial unconcern.

Mrs. Bromley-Davenport, who has been with Miss Ellis Jeffreys' company during the winter, has come over for her summer holidays and is stopping at the King Edward. She is looking very well, and old friends are greeting her with much pleasure. On Tuesday she attended the huge tea given in St. James' schoolhouse and has been enjoying many quiet little outings in city and country since her arrival on Monday.

Among engagements announced this week is that of Miss Ruth McKidd, and Mr. Percy Hamilton Kane of the Bank of Ottawa. Miss McKidd is a relative of Mrs. Temple McMurrich, and Mr. Kane is the only son of the late J. Hamilton Kane. They are to be married on June 5th in the Church of the Epiphany. Miss Olive Frances Clemes and Mr. Percival C. Adair of New York are also announced as bride and groom-elect, and are to be wedded early in June. Miss Mary Stuart Moag of Smith's Falls and Mr. Wilson McCue are to have a quiet bridal early in June. The recent death of the bride's father will forbid a large wedding.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Major and Mrs. Selwyn and their two little daughters will sail for Canada next week.

Lady Kirkpatrick did not sail as intended for Canada, owing to the illness and death of her brother, Mr. David Macpherson. She is in England now, and I have not heard when she returns to Closeburn. Those who were expecting to see her radiant and cordial as usual at the Races regret greatly that so sad an event should have prevented her from being there to-day.

A very interesting wedding took place on Tuesday afternoon in Westminster church, when the pastor, Rev. John Neil, D.D., performed the ceremony uniting Rev. Edwin Henry Kellogg, a young B.D. of Princeton, N.J., and son of a former well-remembered pastor of St. James' square Presbyterian church who later did mission work in India, and Miss Constance Louise Henderson, daughter of Mr. Joseph Henderson of 155 Crescent road, assistant general manager of the Bank of Toronto. The interest always attaching to a marriage when bride and groom are well known, esteemed, and in the first flush of youth was heightened by the fact that this young couple, after a year's residence in England, where the bridegroom will study at Oxford, have decided to devote themselves to missionary work in India, to which both look forward with enthusiasm. Westminster church was made most beautiful for the bridal ceremony, with a huge mound of splendid palms completely filling in the space on the platform and hiding the organist and singers. Immense hydrangeas were placed among the palms, and the base of the pyramid was fringed with small ferns and pretty ox-eye daisies—the whole a thing of beauty to gaze upon before all eyes were turned to the east aisle to watch the coming of the bride's procession, which was led by the four ushers, Dr. V. and Mr. E.

Henderson, brothers of the bride, Mr. McPhedran and Mr. Updegraff. Four bridesmaids followed, Miss Eleanor Price and Miss Marjory Wood of Pittsburg in white frocks and hats, and Miss Frances McLeod and Miss Evelyn Henderson in pale green sun-pleated gowns, with white hats, all carrying Queen roses of delicate pink, and wearing pretty pearl and gold crescents, the gifts of the bride. Rev. Robert Freeman, a classmate of the groom, and now a Buffalo pastor, was best man. The sweet little bride, so like her mother, was brought in by her father and looked very pretty in a shimmering gown covered with deep flounces of lace, a tulle veil and a crown of orange blossoms on her dark hair, and a bouquet of white roses with showers of lily of the valley and ferns, particularly well arranged. The groom's gifts to the best man and ushers were Princeton "Tiger" pins. Dr. Neil performed the short and simple ceremony, and while the register was being signed, Mr. Sherrie of St. James' square church sang a solo from *Ruth*, which was a real musical treat to the listening assemblage. A reception was given by Mr. and Mrs. Henderson at their home, the exquisite weather making it a possibility to throw open doors and windows in the handsome house, and the guests finding their way through the rooms without any crowding. Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg received at the east end of the library, and many of those who wished them joy were the old-time parishioners of the groom's father. The *dejeuner* was arranged in the dining-room and a striking departure was made in the decoration of the table with deep red roses, in a huge centerpiece and other vases, the effect being very rich and lovely. Daffodils and tulips were plentiful in the reception room. The bride-cake was cut in the drawing-room where the health of the bride was proposed by Mr. W. Davidson, and drunk amid cheers and singing, and speeches very different from the usual stammerings of bridal acknowledgments were made, the best man being especially clever and amusing in his witty response on behalf of the laughing quartette of maids. A very lovely array of gifts was in an upper room, distinguished beyond their value intrinsically by many tokens of personal love and handiwork. As the young couple are to live so far away, cheques were frequently sent instead of fragile and cumbersome gifts. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty gave a fine double cabinet of table silver, and the bride's college friends sent many beautiful books and other gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg left for a honeymoon across the lines, the bride travelling in a blue costume and hat to match. Telegrams arrived from distant points, voicing the good wishes and affection of friends unable to take part in one of the most charming weddings of the year. A few of the guests were: The Misses Mortimer Clark, Sheriff and Mrs. Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Biggar, Mrs. Loudon, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Alexander of Bon Accord, Mr. and Mrs. Miss McLaughlin, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, the Misses Dalton, Professor and Mrs. McCurdy, the Misses McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Wood of Pittsburg, relatives of the groom, Dr. Richardson of St. Joseph street, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Baird, Mr. and Mrs. Waldie, Mr. and Mrs. Roaf, Miss Millicamp, Miss and Mr. Waldie, Mr. and Mrs. Bain, Dr. MacLaren Professor and Mrs. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Galt, Mrs. Brett, Mrs. Mason of Ermeleigh and Mr. Douglas Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Mara, J. and Wallace Nesbitt, Rev. A. and Mrs. Gandier, Rev. J. and Mrs. Neil, Mrs. Helliwell and Mrs. Chillas, and a great many others.

Mrs. H. C. McLeod has returned from Philadelphia. Mr. and Miss Vivien McLeod are yet abroad and will be home about June 20th. Senator Melvin-Jones returned to town at the end of last week.

One of the pleasant teas of the week was given by Mrs. Jack Gilmour on Wednesday, for her sister, Mrs. Patterson, who is living in town, having taken the Arthur Grantham residence in Bloor street west. It was a very tiny tea of about a dozen friends, Miss Wardrop and Miss Eleanor Magee assisting in waiting on the little coterie. The table was daintily pretty and the hour thoroughly enjoyed by Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Brydon, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Horsey, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. R. C. Brown, Mrs. Worthington, and two or three others.

Mr. J. Mackenzie Alexander has purchased the residence of Mrs. Davies, 20 Elm avenue, Rosedale, a very handsome and commodious house, and the family will take immediate possession. The name of Bon Accord, which has stood for such hearty and bounteous hospitality in the old home in Peter street, will go with the family to their new residence, and everyone knows that the gracious and genial host and hostess and not the house gave that name its appropriateness. That the new Bon Accord may continue the traditions of the old is the best wish Mr. and Mrs. Alexander's friends can offer.

Sir Norman and Lady McLaurin and their son, Mr. McGregor McLaurin, came over from Sydney, Australia, via Vancouver, in the same vessel with Mrs. Tait, and arrived in Toronto at the same time. They spent several days in town, Sir Norman, who is the Chancellor of Sydney University, being very much interested in Toronto University. The party left for a visit to Montreal and McGill University on Thursday.

Mrs. Tait and her daughter, Miss Winifred, arrived on Saturday from Australia and are looking so well that it is evident several years' sojourn on the other side of the world has done them no harm. They will attend the Races this afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn. The portrait presented to Upper Canada College at Dr. Parkin's request by Mrs. Cockburn, of her son, Major Churchill Cockburn, V.C., was unveiled and accepted by the authorities yesterday before a large assembly of friends of the college gathered for the annual athletic meeting. The presentation took place in mid-afternoon, too late for particulars in this week's columns. The portrait represents the Major in his khaki uniform, hat and whip in hand, and the significant little iron cross on his breast, with the Boer medal second in place. The picture is of great interest to everyone connected with Upper Canada College, and reflects great credit on the artist, Mr. Grant, whose work it is.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Molson Macpherson are in Canada again after a tour round the world. Mrs. Macpherson had a peep at Toronto friends at mid-week, which she spent with Mrs. Allen Cassels.

Mrs. Conley (formerly Claire Geary) and her husband write from Iloilo on their way to the Philippines, and are well and enjoying their voyage.

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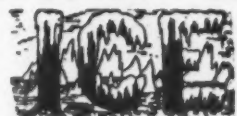
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ONE so often hears the criticism that this or that practice is "not sport," that it is well at times to consider a definition. It is easy, a great many people, perhaps it is a common human failing, think that whatever is beyond their sphere of comprehension or enjoyment is wrong, is idiotic, is, in short, "not sport." The man who likes a quiet game of billiards in the evening can not see what sport it is to hunt tigers in prickly undergrowth beneath a tropic sun. The fleet runner disdains to call a gymnast, a mere practiser of calisthenic exercises, an athlete and a sportsman. And so it goes on. Tot homines quot sententiae. Every man has his own ideal, and ruthlessly rejects all who do not measure up to it as well as those who measure above it. Destructive criticism is easier, but it is hard to be charitable, to construct a definition, a standard that will lodge not only your own theory, but all theories that have the slightest degree of relationship with yours. It is difficult to apply the same term, "sportsman," both to the Malay islander who shoots birds with poisoned arrows from a blow-pipe, and to the Anglo-Saxon who shoots with a modern fowling-piece at a covey of partridges which his dogs have dislodged. Yet there is something about a faint kinship between them. They are both hunters, though they differ in their methods, and perhaps in their motives.

What we want is a broad, catholic definition of sport that will let everyone in and leave no one houseless and defenceless against the barbed shafts of scorn, with their cry of "Not sport!" Let us proceed tentatively and by degrees. First of all let us say sport is pleasurable recreation. This is not exact enough. Mere loungers in the sun get pleasurable recreation. Sport demands activity and physical exercise. Any laborer gets that, and what about chess-players, people will cry. It is a game of skill, involving competition, and though without the element of physical exercise, we must welcome chess-players into our definition. Yet competition, although forming an important part in sport, is not indispensable. We must allow that those who whip streams in solitude are sportsmen, even though they do not engage in fishing contests. Of course, however, they are competitors to a certain extent, for they compete with the fish. Last of all, can we or can we not say that sport must be without thought of gain? Gain is a form of pleasure, and might be included in sport under the head of pleasurable recreation. But then we would have to admit that professional fishermen and frog catchers are sportsmen; and that rises in our gorge. This is plainly the dangerous shoal, the door which may let in numerous evils. Perhaps it would be wiser, even if we are accused of narrowness, to end our building at this point, and to leave gain outside the house of definition we have built for sport.

To sum up, one might give as a fair working definition, that sport is pleasurable recreation, that it demands physical dexterity, manual, pedal or otherwise, that it involves competition, and must be (we will be dogmatic for once) without thought of gain. These are its four qualities, three positive and one negative. Of course I could go on and define the qualities just as I have defined the term, but it is really unnecessary for my purpose. I wish to extend, not restrict, the domain of sports, and to give some reasons why the cry of "Not sport!" should be less frequently heard. Do not condemn a man's pastime. "Live and let live," should be the motto of all sportsmen, except the disciples of Nimrod or Izaak Walton.

An American journal makes the following comment on the Olympic games:

"If any proof were needed to convince the world that America is absolutely supreme in the realm of track and field athletics, the absolutely crushing victory at Athens in the fourth renewal of the ancient Olympic games supplies it in abundant measure. For the fourth time in succession America has triumphed over the whole world. At the first renewal in Athens in 1896 the wearers of the Stars and Stripes outstripped all other competitors, and this victory was more than duplicated at the Paris Olympiad in 1900. Four years later at the St. Louis Exposition the Americans supplied most of the competitors and won virtually everything. This year they were obliged to overcome the handicap of traveling half way around the globe, and the hardships of competing on foreign soil and in a treacherous climate with scarcely any training. Yet they overcame them all, and made themselves at once the wonder and envy of their rival competitors."

This is backed up by a statement of facts, to the truth of which no exception can be taken. The comment, however, is strangely like a trumpeting of one's praises from the house-tops. It is a picture in which we do not see the background, the shadows as well as the lights. It is safe to say that no nation put forth as determined an effort as the United States to send a representative body of athletes. They sent a greater number than Great Britain, and entered in more events. Moreover, the American athletes had no greater difficulties in the way of traveling and climate to overcome than other foreign competitors, and they had a

larger fund to smooth their difficulties. One is quite willing to concede the American athletes every credit for the laurels they won. The only objection to the comment here quoted is on the score not of fact, but of taste. It is but a question of "good winning" or "good losing." Therein the American journal offends, not as flagrantly as might be, but yet sufficiently to arouse protests from sportsmen with whom modesty in victory and equanimity in defeat is an axiom of play.

## The King's Plate.

It is probable that no city of its size on this continent, supports racing more enthusiastically than Toronto. As a result the fame of the semi-annual Woodbine meetings has gone far afield, and has given the local race-course an enviable position in the eyes of American horsemen. Belmont Park, Saratoga, City Park, New Orleans, are palatial courses, known far and wide for their magnificence, but Woodbine Park, though not equalling them in brilliance, is like them a gem of the first water. It is not always wise to be boastful of one's own possessions, but the verdict of thousands of visitors year after year gives point to our pride in the Woodbine. It is the Mecca to which every true Canadian horseman makes pilgrimage before he dies, and the spirit of worship is so liberal that pilgrims from across the border are made welcome to the shrine. Horse-racing is too cosmopolitan for alien laws.

The past two weeks have been the weeks of pilgrimage. Day after day have arrived from throughout the blue-blooded aristocrats of the turf, with whole retinues of owners, trainers, stable-boys, rubbers, and jockeys. In the early hours of the morning, almost before the dawn has streaked the east, thundering hoofs have furrowed the white ribbon of the race-course, and a few scattered "rail-birds" and trainers, watch in hand, have anxiously watched secret trials. Stable after stable has been renovated and prepared for incoming horses, men have run hither and thither attending to the thousand and one needs of race-track equipment, the hum and bustle of preparation have resounded merrily in the spring air, and all the participants, equine no less than human, have had ever in their mind's eye the beginning of the fete, the head, but not the end-all, of their toil—the opening day.

The period of waiting has come to an end, and to-day ushers in the halcyon delights of the spring races. With a fanfare of trumpets and the cheers of applauding thousands, the horses will go to the post, the barrier will rise, and out of the confusion of whirling hoofs, and dust, and the glint and glimmer of silken jackets will emerge the winner of the first race. But the great event of the day, the race which lends a perennial distinction to the Woodbine meet, is the race for the King's Plate. It is this race beyond all others that the great crowd goes to see, for not only has it a venerable history in this young country, but it links us to the land of our origin and recalls fleeting visions of springing English turf and Ascot and Epsom, and, graced by the presence of Royalty.

It was given to us by one monarch and continued by another, and is perhaps the sole Royal bounty we enjoy. On April 1st, 1859, the Toronto Turf Club sent a petition to the Queen, through Sir Edmund Head, who was Governor-General at the time, praying for a Royal donation of £50 for a permanent fund. With commendable promptitude, considering the red-tape that doth hedge a monarch, on the 18th of July a despatch came, through the Colonial Office, granting the petitioners more than was asked, guineas instead of pounds. It directed that the Plate be run for at Toronto or such other place in Upper Canada as Her Majesty might appoint. In 1860 the first race took place, on the old Carleton Place race-track, on the outskirts of this city. After 1863 it began its wanderings, and for twenty years, like Odysseus of old, it roamed the Province, seeing and knowing much, "cities of men, manners, climates, councils, governments." Many towns, Hamilton, Barrie, Kingston, and others, from London to Ottawa, had it in turn, but in 1883 it had outgrown the restlessness of youth, and settled permanently in Toronto.

In that year Lord Lorne gained the Royal sanction to his request that it should revert to the Ontario Jockey Club, and be theirs in fee simple for ever. The O.J.C. had been organized only two years before, in 1881, but at that early age it received the valuable legacy of the choicest of Provincial racing traditions, the historic Queen's Plate. That the bequest did not fall into worthless hands is shown by the success which has ever since attended the race. The benefit, however, has been mutual. The Plate and the Jockey Club have flourished side by side, and if the success of the Plate has been due to the club, the success of the club has no less been due to this race which has a magic power stir up enthusiasm amongst race-goers, and even to soften the prejudices of those who think horse-racing the trade of Beelzebub. If the eyes of the people of Ontario, and of other Provinces to east or west, are to-day, and for succeeding days, focused upon the Woodbine hippodrome, it is due to nothing more than to the King's Plate. It gives a fillip to the racing season that lasts the whole year round, and is pleasant in the prospect no less than in the anticipa-

tion. It is a guarantee in perpetuity of the future of racing in this Province; for what legislator would ever dare to move the abolition of race-tracks, when that would involve the passing of the King's Plate?

The race, by its conditions, more closely concerns the horse-breeder than the horse-owner of the Province. It is thus connected with the country and that bete noir of politicians, the agricultural interests, and brings to mind the sight of green pastures and young foals kicking their heels for the sunshine, rather than of race-track stables and paddocks. The entries must be three-year-olds or upward, horses "owned, foaled, raised, trained in this Province, that have never won a race on the flat or across country, and have never been more than one month out of the Province." Thus it comes about that the owners who compete are necessarily men with country estates, a type of the "fine old English gentleman" transplanted in our midst, who lend a solid air of respectability to the sport they patronize.

From its inception the Jockey Club has always added something to the Royal bequest of fifty guineas. Every year its donation has increased, until now the Plate has a value not to be sneered at even by millionaire turf men. In 1881 the value was \$340, in 1905 about \$3,000; this year, with the \$4,000 added by the club, together with the stakes and guineas, it will amount to close on \$4,500. The winner will, of course, receive the bulk of the spoil—the guineas, stakes, and \$2,750. The stakes consist of a sweep-stakes of \$500, paid at the time of entry, and \$250 for every starter. Out of the thirty-seven original entries for this year's race, seventeen were declared out on May 10th, and out of those remaining it is hard to tell how many will face the starter this afternoon. Last year the field dwindled down to six, but there is certain to be more than that go to the barrier to-day.

The race was originally one and one half miles, but was, in 1887, reduced to one and one quarter. Over this distance the record time, 2:12, was made by Mr. Dymont's Sapper, but equalled in 1905 by Mr. Seagram's Inferno. Mr. William Hendrie of Hamilton and Mr. Dymont of Barrie have both won the Plate several times in recent years, but Mr. Seagram of Waterloo, with eleven victories to his credit, far outshines all rival breeders. To an outsider it seems hard to predict the winner with prophetic certainty, but those who understand the mysteries of stop-watches and furlong-posts are already busy with conjectures. Three of the horses seem to be the pick of the entries, and in the opinion of the critics the rest might just as well withdraw. But if races could be run on paper what would be the use of race-tracks? It is the race we want to see, with all its excitement and glorious uncertainty. It matters little what horse wins, but the Plate must have an owner, and the public must not be balked of a race.

And so to-day, by crowded trolley cars, in automobiles, and carriages, thousands are hurrying eastward over the Don, to witness the arbitrament of the oldest and most historic race in Canada. Love and admiration of the horse are latent in the hearts of most of us, and we take pleasure in gratifying our desires. Since time began, and three of the horses seem to be the pick of the entries, and in the opinion of the critics the rest might just as well withdraw. But if races could be run on paper what would be the use of race-tracks? It is the race we want to see, with all its excitement and glorious uncertainty. It matters little what horse wins, but the Plate must have an owner, and the public must not be balked of a race.

## The Prince's "Side Crease."

The report has been made that the Prince of Wales has introduced a new fashion by wearing trousers creased down the sides. The fashion has already become very popular in India, but it is doubtful whether even the Prince of Wales can make such a change in detail of dress "take root" here.

It was the King, when Prince of Wales, who created the craze for maula came some years ago. He carried a stout one, handsomely mounted in gold, when attending the races at Ascot, and there immediately arose an unprecedented demand for that kind of walking-stick, not only throughout the United Kingdom, but in France and Belgium.

The square-toed boot was also popularized by King Edward. It found little favor anywhere until His Majesty—then, of course, Prince of Wales—sat for a full-length photograph while wearing boots with noticeably square toes. The picture appeared in nearly all the illustrated papers, and boot-makers soon had an unprecedented demand for square-toed boots and shoes.

## Fishermen's Luck.

"Does this seem to be a pretty good place for fish?" asked the newcomer down on the pier.  
"I guess it is," replied the angler with the cob pipe. "I can't get them to leave it."—Milwaukee "Sentinel."

"After all," said the transcendentalist, "what is art?"  
"I don't know exactly," answered Mr. Curox, "but in a general way I should say it was most anything that cost you more than two dollars a seat to look at."—Washington "Star."

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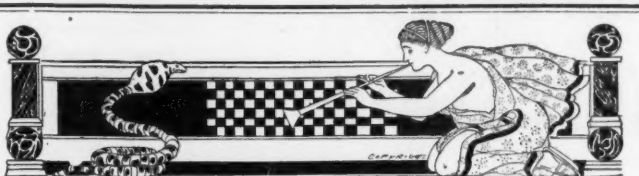
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It entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, TAN, etc. It is unequalled SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT.



**There's a Charm** in cleanliness. There is beauty in neatness. We keep you well supplied with both at a cost that is ridiculously small compared with the results obtained. Think, your personal appearance is everything to your business and social standing.

**"My Valet" Fountain, The Tailor CLEANER and REPAIRER CLOTHES.**  
30 Adelaide Street West.—Phone Main 3074.

## The Song of the Pavement.

Some time ago the verses quoted below appeared in a Chicago paper, and are now reproduced as describing Toronto conditions:

They took a little gravel.  
And they took a little tar,  
With various ingredients  
Imported from afar.  
They hammered it and rolled it,  
And when they went away  
They said they had a pavement  
That would last for many a day.

But they came with picks and smote it.

To lay a water-main:  
And then they called the workmen  
To put it back again.  
To run a railway cable  
They took it up some more;  
And then they put it back again  
Just where it was before.

They took it up for conduits  
To run the telephone,  
And then they put it back again  
As hard as any stone.  
They took it up for wires  
To feed the electric light,  
And then they put it back again,  
Which was no more than right.

Oh, the pavement's full of furrows;  
There are patches everywhere;  
You'd like to ride upon it,  
But it's seldom that you dare.  
It's a very handsome pavement,  
A credit to the town;  
They're always diggin' of it up  
Or puttin' of it down.

## \$10,000.00 a Day in Government Duties

A detail, to be sure, in the colossal business of W. & A. Gilbey, but justifying their claim—"The largest Wine and Spirit Merchants in the World."

More astonishing statistics of this firm might be multiplied. It is enough now to exploit the fine qualities of their Wines and Spirits—

## "STRATHMILL"

and  
**"SPEY ROYAL"**

Choicest and Oldest All-Pure Malt Scotch Whiskies

Distilled by the old-fashioned Pot Still method, duly aged and bottled to conserve their natural flavors, tonic and food properties.

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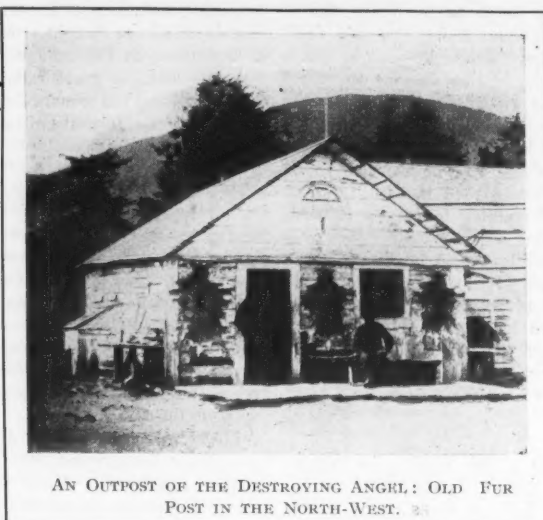
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Est. Frank Davis, 115 Elm.  
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# MAN THE DESTROYER

By JULIUS MULLER.



AN OUTPOST OF THE DESTROYING ANGEL: OLD FUR POST IN THE NORTH-WEST.

ALTHOUGH the scientific world has abandoned the old theory of great epochal catastrophes to account for the annihilation of mighty species of beasts and reptiles, whose fossil remains show that they once existed in incredible numbers, it is hard for the layman to understand how millions of beasts could possibly have disappeared unless such a gigantic agency as flood, earthquake, eruption, or landslide caused widespread death.

Even scientists failed for centuries, to recognize the real destroying agency, though all the time it was busy annihilating all rival forms of life before their very eyes.

It is only in the last ten years that the perfected system of interchange of knowledge and the improvement in the transmission of news other than merely that of great episodes has enabled men to learn everything that their own species is doing.

Man, and not earthquake or volcano, flood or landslide, is the great world-catastrophe.

He has always been it. The first man was the first destroyer. Other prehistoric beasts killed for food or defense. The genus homo killed for food, for defense, for garments, for comfort and for sport from the very first.

This little thing—one of the smallest of the flesh-eating animals—has destroyed more than all other agencies of nature put together.

Even through all the recent centuries during which he has preached more and more of love and kindness and tolerance, he has remained the most terrible and unalterable exponent of the iron creed of nature—the survival of the fittest.

Remorseless as his progress has been all the time, it never has been so remorseless as it is in this century. All man's inventions and improvements that have provided flying ships and flying cars, nets of cable and telephone, mechanical means to do away

with space and time, have also increased his ability to destroy, and he has taken full advantage of the opportunity.

Is he weary of quail and grouse? Do pheasants cease to tickle his palate? At once the word goes forth from the caterer to the poulterer, the poulterer telegraphs to the wholesale game-shopper, and within a week Indian hunters are busy slaughtering ptarmigans in the far North; and another species starts on its way to the great grave of species—man's throat.

Is my lady tired of the furs that are on the market? Within a month after she expresses herself, Malaysian hunters are killing off black monkeys that were never touched by man before, since the first arboreal ancestor of man chattered in the primeval forests. Ten thousand traps are being set throughout the Americas for wolverines. A price is set on the heads of the few remaining white and blue foxes sufficient to start whole tribes on the track of each single animal, wherever it may roam.

Is Sir Nimrod bored by wild-fowl shooting at home? Within two weeks after he leaves the country he steps into lion and elephant and hippopotamusland from one of the sleeping cars on the Uganda Railroad, and presently a few pairs, or even dozens, of monsters exist no longer except as dissected and skinned trophies.

Is the Englishman or the American sated with fox hunting? Down in Patagonia is a fleet ostrich-like bird, the rhea, and men ride it down and throw it with the bolas—the native hunting implement, which consists of three heavy iron balls fastened by three short thongs to a line. When thrown at a victim, the whirling balls snake around its limbs and bring it down. There is a new zest for the sportsman! Within less than two months Mr. Fox-hunter is doing his share toward annihilating another curious form of life.

Did a Tyrian king love purple of a particular shade? Within a generation a Mediterranean sea was stripped clean of the shellfish that produce it. Does an American packer hit on the idea some morning of cornering the crab meat market? Before the evening of the next day, 10,000 fishermen have caught and shipped 300,000 blue crabs.

Is there a market for the oil of a certain fish? By the end of that year more than 550 millions of the herring-like menhaden have gone into the oil-presses and the scrap vats.

My lady has killed for vanity's sake ever since the human world began. Even in the caves of prehistoric man

tioned from antlers and hoofs and beasts' bones. Ten years ago along the African Gold Coast, there existed a great nation, numbering more than the inhabitants of many a South American or European state. My lady grew tired of all known furs one day in 1893, and that year 200,000 of the African nation were shot and shipped away to be sold for \$1 each in fur markets of the world. That is the way Colobus Satanas, the beautiful ape with the long, shining black hair, died. So fast did he go while he was "in fashion" that three years after the natives had shipped 200,000, their best hunting failed to produce more than 68,000; and to-day the region that the black nation had made populous is almost empty of monkey life.

In 1897 a German firm of hat-makers bought a beautiful design for feather ornamentation, made by a nice little artist girl. Feathers of a certain color were needed to produce the effect. The mail that night carried an order to Paris for 29,000 skins of goldfinches, which was duly filled. The fashion lasted for two months, during which time more finches were killed everywhere. Then my lady turned to something else, the trimmed hats were put away, but—the 40,000 odd finches did not come to life again.

A quarter of a century ago the world began to like herring from the Great Lakes pretty well. In 1880 man was eating 16,000,000 pounds a year. To-day the human animal is killing off herring to the weight of 40,000,000 annually.

Last year the poor little mole became highly fashionable. Man swooped down on the little creature all over Europe with such rapacity that in six months the price of each tiny fur had risen to almost fifty cents, where, before that, moleskin had been so plentiful that three or four cents was considered good payment for a skin.

Sport, though not quite as destructive as fashion, is doing its share as it always has done. Only recently a hunting party of blue-blooded Europeans killed 200 reindeer in one day in Spitzbergen, and a royal member of the party had the proud satisfaction of killing forty-seven of these with his own hand.

The Barbary lion and the Persian lion have been made practically "extinct" by British and French sportsmen. On the west coast of America a party of forty hunters killed 400 sea elephants in half an hour. A professional sea-elephant hunting expedition killed 1,000 in the same region in one week.

A greater destructive element than sport is that form of human activity known as "industry." Whatever escapes man's hungry throat or his lady love's bright fashionable eye or his sporting weapon's slender muzzle, falls victim to the most insatiable of all the cravings of homo—the craving for money.

Every beast that he meets, if worthless otherwise, is slain to be turned into leather for the great industries that thrive on leather. Man goes even into the sea for hides. Of the white whale, or beluga, alone, more than \$200,000 worth of skins are put into the tanning vats each year. The weird walrus furnishes hides to the value of \$100,000 annually in the United States alone.

The people of this country destroy enough mussels, clams, oysters and other shellfish each year to produce one million tons of shell. The big sea turtles which furnish the real tortoise shell are killed at the rate of 350,000 each year, or almost a thousand a day.

Even the huge basking shark, the biggest of all the sharks, reaching lengths of from thirty to thirty-five feet, has been hunted so persistently that he has disappeared from all the seas of the world except the most lonely, and he is scarce enough there to be classed as a rare fish. Men wanted the oil from his liver, so they placed the basking shark on the doomsday book of humanity, wherein are written the names of the living creatures that are to become extinct.

The menhaden steamers alone catch more than fifteen thousand sharks of all kinds a year along the middle Atlantic coast of the United States. They don't want these fish, but they get into the menhaden nets and go into the oil presses with the other victims.

Nothing is too noble or too mean to escape man. While he is killing off the last of the lions of Barbary for sport, he is also killing off the humble sawfish in Florida waters for the few pints of oil he can get out of the livers, and the skate and the ray are being slain by the hundred thousand to be converted into fertilizer.

One city alone, Para, receives 50,000 gallons of turtle oil in a season. It requires 500 turtle eggs to make one gallon, so there are 25,000,000 turtle eggs accounted for by one South American city alone. When the great South American river turtle disappears no world-catastrophe will be needed to explain its extinction. Man's hungry jaws sufficiently account for it.

Man's appetite for animal oil has quite killed off the wonderful manatee, or sea cow, and is killing off its cousin, the dugong. On the Macquarie Islands, the coast of Patagonia, and elsewhere along the southern hemisphere men are working to-day with clubs, killing off penguin. Day after day they stalk among the foolish fowl, clubbing royal penguins, king penguins, jackass penguins, macarons and red bills to death till their arms are stiff from labor. The breast skin, with the blubber attached, is torn off any cooked till the oil is pressed out, while the rest is thrown away.

In 1887 the Hudson Bay Company sent 102,715 beaver pelts out from Canada. Thirteen years afterward the most strenuous hunting over a widely enlarged territory produced only 66,000.

There is a sort of second cousin to the beaver, which is hardly known to any except the professional naturalist. It lives in South America, and is the coypu rat. This obscure beast, hidden away in all but unapproachable swamps, has not been able to hide away from fur-hunting man. Every year more than two millions of them are brought to market, where their fur is sold under the name "nutria."

The muskrat dies at the rate of five millions a year.

A graphic idea of what destruction of life this means can be given when it is explained that five million muskrat skins would cover an area of 3,500,000 square feet. The poor coypu rat's annual yield covers 1,900,000 square feet. The 66,000 beavers surrender 264,000 square feet of fur; 400,000 square feet are given up by the mink each year.

It was fashion that killed off the egret. Florida's beautiful white wader. All that women wanted of this glorious creature, one of the most beautiful birds that the world ever produced, was the dainty plume that grew on the male in the courting season. To get that the birds were slain on their roosts literally by the tens of thousands, the plume torn from them and the slender, mutilated bodies cast aside. So frightful was the devastation that an egret roost could be smelled many miles away after the plume-hunters got into Florida, for the bodies of the birds lay in mounds everywhere.

There are some egrets left yet; that is, a naturalist can find a few scattered flocks, and he thinks that they are big flocks, and that he is a lucky man indeed if he sees half a hundred together. Yet in the memory of young men the egrets once whitened miles of Florida marsh, and when they flew to their roosts in the even-



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agency and take no chances at all. Thousands of men in Canada have already learned to take no chances at all.

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TORONTO

ing they truly hid the sun with their multitudes.

The true quagga has disappeared, and only two skeletons and one skull remain in a British museum to tell of a beast that covered South Africa's plains in herds in the eighteenth century, and still formed a notable part of the fauna in the nineteenth century. Where has it gone? Killed off by the European settlers, partly for sport, but mostly for the purpose of getting hides to make grain bags.

Burchell's zebra, fast dying out, but still existent in some numbers near the end of the nineteenth century, was of a beast that covered South Africa that conflict was ended, the zebra was ended too.

Very late in the day are the efforts of all civilized governments to stop the destruction. Reservations to offer refuge to the last of the wild ones are being established not only in North America and in Europe, but in Africa and Asia. Even the whale is to be protected. One government, that of Norway, has already established a closed season, and there was need for it, since 300,000 whales were

killed along the Norwegian coast in the last thirty years.

And while governments are protecting animals and birds by individuals, man is still devouring them by armies. Thus in the Italian town of Nizza the four months' record, last year, of song birds brought to market dead to be eaten, was: 335,000 thrushes, 581,000 larks, and 500,000 miscellaneous song birds. (Copyright, 1906, by J. W. Muller.)

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It is almost as hard for an old coffee toper to quit the use of coffee as it is for a whiskey or tobacco fiend to break off, except that the coffee user can quit coffee and take up Postum Food Coffee without any feeling of a loss of the morning beverage for when Postum is well boiled and served with cream, it is really better in point of flavor than most of the coffee served nowadays, and to the taste of the connoisseur it is like the flavor of fine Java.

A great transformation takes place in the body within ten days or two weeks after coffee is left off and Postum Food Coffee used, for the reason that the poison to the nerves has been discontinued and in its place is taken a liquid that contains the most powerful elements of nourishment.

It is easy to make this test and prove these statements by changing from coffee to Postum Food Coffee. "There's a reason."

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Tourist cars on the Union Pacific are clean and light and airy. Overcrowding in them is a condition that is absolutely avoided. The seats are upholstered in rat-tan, and at night the berths hung with heavy curtains. Bevel plate glass windows ornament the sides of the cars; the wide vestibules are enclosed and traveling is made altogether comfortable.

If you cross the continent in one of the tourist sleepers of the Union Pacific you will enjoy your trip and save considerable money.

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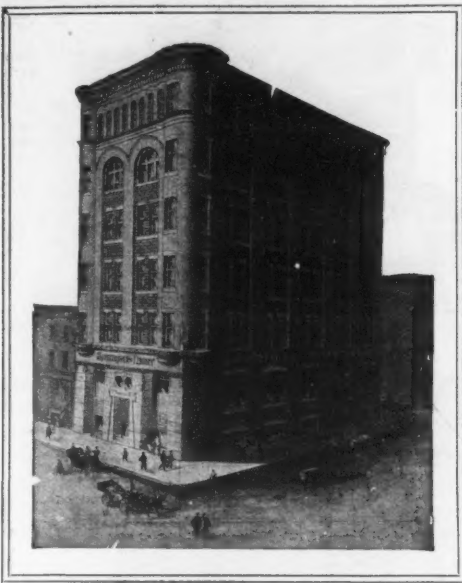
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Gulls and terns feasting on fish. This is from a remarkable photograph showing a school of menhaden that have come to the surface because they were being chased by the gulls and terns immediately pounced on them. This picture was taken at Sandy Hook, N.J.







## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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Vol. 19. TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 19, 1906. No. 28

## Points About People.

A Toronto motorist was touring last week in the Georgian Bay district, and on a lonely country road he came upon a large sign which considerably puzzled him. It read: "Go to B's at S— Corners for your groceries. No automobiles there." Presently he came to the corner at which stood the store that advertised so curiously. Inquiry elicited the information that in the nearest town, a place with a population of about fifteen hundred, two citizens had purchased motor-cars and that quite a number of the farmers and their wives were afraid to drive to market for fear of encountering one of them, thereby risking a runaway. The owner of the store at the crossroads was making the best of the situation to bring business his way.

The Japanese in Canada make a determined effort to adapt themselves to Canadian ways and Canadian conversation. In St. Hilda's College in this city not long ago there was a Japanese servant girl who was a general favorite with the girls. She had great trouble, however, in mastering the slang of the students. One of the latter said to her one day, "Say, little girl, you're a peach!" Of course the little Jap knew this was a compliment—what girl would not?—but she was not sure about Canadian fruits, and when she tried to repeat it again she did so with disastrous results. "Miss M—," she murmured, "she say I am an apple."

Sir Frederick Borden was in Toronto a few days ago—he slipped in and out again attracting as little attention as possible, and the opinion prevails that his visit had something to do with the question as to whether Stanley Barracks shall be removed to the new site on the Humber, near Lambton Mills. The recent request made to the city by the military authorities to hand back to the Government some part of Garrison Common that was only a short time ago transferred to the municipality, suggests that the proposed new establishment on the Humber has been abandoned. It is rumored that the officers do not care to be removed so far from the daily conveniences of the city. The site on the Humber is one admirably suited for a fort. There is a fine view of the valley and the lake in the near distance, while the buildings would be on a commanding height. Just why so excellent a location should not be utilized after having been purchased for the purpose, it is difficult to surmise.

Rev. J. A. Rankin, pastor of Carlton street Methodist church, has a knack of using illustrations which are homely and yet to the point. In a recent sermon he was pointing out to his people the folly of trying to race through the Bible from Genesis to Revelations in an effort to get a regular course of spiritual food. It was wiser for them to choose the portions best suited to their individual needs. Said the preacher: "A friend and I went into a big hotel in Chicago once and ordered a high-priced dinner. We tried to go right through the bill of fare—and I've been sorry ever since that we did." Another of his illustrations was apropos of his argument that preachers should be careful to choose practical sub-

jects for their sermons. "A man once asked me if I ever preached a sermon on Jonah. I said, 'Yes—once—when I was in my second probationary year I preached on Jonah and the whale. It was a great sermon, but I never attempted to repeat it.'"

Among Canadian short story writers in New York, Mr. Arthur E. McFarlane is doing good work. *McClure's Magazine* for May contains a highly amusing yarn, *A Subscription to the Heathen*, by Margaret and Arthur E. McFarlane, with illustrations by Orson Lowell. Mrs. McFarlane was Miss Margaret Hunter of Toronto. The story of the boy who undertakes to pay fifty cents a Sunday to missions on the strength of his attachment to *Idelia*, and who finds that we weave a tangled web by rash subscriptions, is one of the best humorous stories that *McClure's* has published, and the local color is quite familiar to the Canadian reader.

George Agnew Reid of Toronto has been elected president of the Royal Canadian Academy, a position held for fourteen years past by Mr. Robert Harris of Montreal. Mr. Reid was elected academicien in 1890, having been an associate member for five years previously, and has served four years as president of the Ontario Society of Artists. Mr. Reid was born on a farm near Wingham in 1860, studied art in Toronto and Philadelphia, travelled for study in England, France, Spain, and Italy, and spent a year in Paris under instruction to Benjamin Constant. He has frequently exhibited at the Paris Salon, and received a medal at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. The Reid painting best known to the general public is his "Mortgaging the Homestead," which, with another entitled "Dreaming," hangs in the national collection at Ottawa. "Berry Pickers," exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1891, has been purchased by the Ontario Government for the Provincial collection. Mr. Reid has also some fine decorative panels in Toronto City Hall.



Mr. G. A. Reid, Pres. R.C.A. (Photo by Sidney Carter.)

Henry Miller, the actor, who is well known in Toronto, where in his youth he resided, tells of a trick of a theatrical press agent in the current issue of *Judge*. He says: Prior to the rehearsals of *Grierson's Way* the usual press-agent advertisement appeared in the papers: "Lost—The only manuscript of *Grierson's Way*. The finder will receive \$500 reward from Henry Miller." Of course there was no such thing as a lost play, and I was not afraid of the possibility of paying the reward, for I possessed the original manuscript. But oh, what a difference a mere week makes! Rehearsals were well-nigh over when one night, coming from the club, I carelessly left the much-advertised manuscript in a cab, intending to return a few minutes later. When I came back the cabby had found a better fare, let us hope, and was nowhere to be found. Imagine my chagrin, not at the faithless cabby—Lord no!—but *Grierson's Way* was in that vehicle, and \$500 reward might be claimed from me at any moment by the lucky finder. For many a day afterward I trembled at the approach of a stranger or messenger. No one ever called for the reward, and the manuscript to this day has not turned up.

## Some Mining Boom Stories

THE rush to Cobalt recalls many stories of fortunes quickly won and quickly lost. There is an old timer who is now among the fortune-hunters of New Ontario, who, it is said, has during his adventurous lifetime made and lost six fortunes. Once, many years ago, in a single week he reaped a harvest of \$40,000 worth of gold dust by buying and selling a mine. No sooner had he received his money than he went to Wyoming and invested it, together with some \$15,000 more, in purchasing an interest in another, a copper mine. Before night there came news that the copper lode had suddenly "pinched out" and the investors were ruined. Time after time in the years that followed he "struck it lucky" only to again lose what he had gained, and now he has gone North to once more court Fortune's smile.

Some few years ago when mining stocks in British Columbia were booming and every business man, clerk, and mechanic in the country who had a few dollars to spare was tempted to invest his surplus in one or other of the mines that were described as being remarkably rich, a private banker in an Ontario town was bitten by the gold bug to the extent of buying two thousand dollars worth of mining stock. The investment proved highly successful. The stock soared tremendously and the banker sold out at a large profit. This was enough. He took the fever in earnest. He and his family and immediate connections constituted a powerful financial clique, who were looked upon in their county as being typical of strength and stability. The banker persuaded them that the opportunity had presented itself by which they could all undoubtedly become millionaires. He influenced his friends to invest substantial amounts and he himself went West and sank practically all he possessed in the promising mine. Then followed the slump. The banker was ruined, and sickened and died because his spirit had been crushed. The little group of local magnates was broken up and scattered, and to this day the effects of their discomfiture and wreck are felt in the community.

Another story of which I have personal knowledge deals with a young man who went West from Toronto some years before the rush to the Klondike. He gave no promise of astonishing this city or Province by reason either of the brilliancy of his mind or the intensity of his energy, and so his friends advised him to go West. He was guided by their counsel, and from the moment

that he arrived in Vancouver he became a regular whirlwind of enterprise. He started a store in which he sold groceries and other provisions, and in an amazingly short time he had amassed ten or twelve thousand dollars. Then gold was discovered in the Klondike and people started hastening there from all over the world. Our prosperous young grocer saw profit in the boom and as soon as weather permitted he headed for the gold fields with a small cargo of supplies. These he sold at prices that convinced him that all he had to do was to return with a boat-load and become richer than any of the miners. He took himself back to Vancouver with what haste he could, and planned his larger enterprise. He could not charter a vessel of the size he desired, so he purchased one at a large price, loaded it with supplies, and started back to the gold country to reap a harvest. He had scarcely got well under way before his boat was wrecked, his entire cargo was lost, and he himself was rescued in a pitiable condition. His substance gone, his frame shaken by his dreadful adventure, he lay for weeks in a hospital bed, and though he recovered partially he was left without the nerve or the physical strength to essay any further adventuring. He is now earning a precarious livelihood, drifting hopelessly from one coast town to another.

There will be many stories of this kind to be told as a result of the rush to the Cobalt district this spring. Many men will lose all they have as certainly as others will "strike it rich." But the knowledge that the chances of reaping ruin are great will deter no one with the truly adventurous spirit from going North to make his fortune, and neither it should. If there were no adventurers it would be a bad thing for the world and for us all—especially for those of us who have no ambition to leave our comfortable beds and small but sufficient luxuries to rush to wild, far-off regions to burrow for gold or silver or to stake all we have on a chance shot at independent wealth.

Most of those who are flocking to Cobalt just now are investors rather than actual prospectors, and if they are well advised they will remember the old adage as to the unwisdom of putting all one's eggs into the same basket.

## NEW YORK LETTER

THE Metropolitan Handicap, the Undertakers' strike, the Street Cleaning Investigation and the hotel tangle have, each in its own sphere, supplied the current items of the week. The weather has been rather unfavorable to racing interests on the whole, and the opening week at Belmont Park can hardly be considered a great success. The sporting fraternity, of course, have managed to find their way out to the beautiful track, but the public have been 'holding off' for a more propitious season. The Metropolitan, for instance, was witnessed by less than fifteen thousand instead of fifty thousand, and a gloomy crowd they were for the most part, with a chill wind striking into their bones, and the favorite nowhere in the procession.

The Undertakers' strike is technically a strike of the Funeral Drivers' Union, against the New York Coach Owners' Association. Few undertakers in this city own their hearses or coaches, but depend on the livery stables which make a specialty of supplying funeral conveyances. The undertakers have, therefore, no part in the present trouble, and many of them are said to be in sympathy with the drivers' demands. However that may be, the result of the strike has been some rather novel and incongruous funeral processions with undertakers' wagons, express wagons, sight-seeing vans, and automobiles pressed into this sad service. Some inconvenience has been felt by funeral directors and some tender susceptibilities have been hurt at sight of loved ones borne away amid such humble surroundings. But so far no serious aspects have presented themselves, and it is hoped that a quiet settlement of the gruesome situation will soon be managed.

The Street Cleaning Committee of Investigation scratching away at Commissioner Woodbury's dumps in search of graft and political corruption, does not present a very edifying spectacle, and while the investigation has justified itself, the revelations have failed to arouse public sentiment to a great pitch. The association of ideas is perhaps too much for us, and following as this does the highly spectacular insurance investigation, the meaner aspects of the affair are too obvious. Besides, how can we condemn the little ward-heeler for seeking his share of the civic plunder when—what's the use!

A curious situation arose out of the conflict of the Prentice excise law recently passed and the New York City Building Code, which threatened for a time to leave the old town high and dry on the rocks of prohibition. Fortunately it was an off season, too early for juleps, too late for toddies, and the temporary drought through which we passed—or were supposed to—was more or less

imperceptible. "What is a hotel?" proved a troublesome question that had to be answered before several hundred liquor certificates, issued under the old Raines law, could be re-issued. The Attorney-General has happily comprised the matter by defining a hotel, under the new law, as a building of not less than ten bedrooms above the basement, and that such a building need not be fire-proof. Hotels of fifteen sleeping-rooms and over must, however, be fire-proof, as the Building Code provides. The definition has brought great relief to the keepers of Raines law hotels and the issuance of certificates will now go on as fast as the inspection can be completed. This is a notice to intending visitors.

With the closing of two more theaters and the opening of Luna Park, one of Coney Island's principal attractions, the end of the present theatrical season is in sight. We have still an excellent stock of good entertainment on hand, however; and to this will be added this week, Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman*, which returns to the Hudson, and two fresh offerings, one *The Embarrassment of Riches*, a modern comedy by Louis Kaufman Anspacher, a professor at Columbia University, and a farce comedy, *Mistakes Will Happen*, to be produced at the Garrick.

David Warfield in *The Music Master* is still playing to capacity houses and will continue to until the hot weather interferes. *Peter Pan*, the delightful Barrie piece which Miss Adams has presented with such success all winter, also continues in triumph at the Frohman headquarters. Arnold Daly in a double Shaw bill of *Arms and the Man* and *How He Lied to Her Husband*, holds the center of intellectual interest, and Mr. Belasco's latest success, *The Girl of the Golden West*, with Blanche Bates in the title role, is still crowding the Belasco theater as it has done for months.

Musical comedy, of course, furnishes a large proportion of the entertainment at this season, and in these we are abundantly blessed. *Happyland*, with De Wolfe Hopper and Marguerite Clark, are back again for the third time; *The Social Whirl* is still at the Casino; Fritz Scheff in *Mlle. Modiste* has another week; *The Free Lance*, Sousa's new opera, is having a merry run at the New Amsterdam; and *The Vanderbilt Cup*, with Elsie Janis, continues its long engagement at the Broadway.

Miss Anglin has just closed a second successful season in *Ziva*, appearing this time at the Majestic for a three weeks' engagement. The return visit proved that the popularity of the Canadian actress has not abated. Nor has her fine characterization of the unfortunate *Magdalen* lost any of its interest or delicate artistry since the first performance, nine months ago.

*The American Lord*, which makes way for *Man and Superman* at the Hudson, proved a humorous bit of tail-twisting (the British lion's tail of course understood) in which the insular prejudices on both sides of the Atlantic were brought into lively combat. Everything ends happily, however, and the only real injustice done the Britisher was in committing his side to a very wooden actor, and the American side to one so clever and capable as Mr. W. H. Crane. And this was partly atoned for by turning over the central female character—a charming English widow—to Miss Hilda Spong, whose *Mrs. Westbrooke* we are quite ready to accept as ours. *John Breuster* is a pronounced type of American, holding very deep antipathies toward the aristocracy of Great Britain, so deep in fact that he will not allow his daughter to wed the man she loves when he discovers that he belongs to the nobility. As luck would have it, however, (in the play) it transpires that he has himself become a lord, succeeding to the title through circumstances over which he had no control. The natural resentment that follows is succeeded by a disposition to go to England and reform the despised nobility of which he is now perforce a member. He encounters similar prejudices against his own country, but eventually the American lord finds the English lord, though different, a very decent sort of fellow after all, and of course the American is all that mind can conceive or heart desire. They shake hands fervently, and give their sons and daughters to each other without stint, the plum—again, of course—the jolly English widow, falling into the American basket.

J. E. W.

Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey, of Thirkleby Park, near Thirsk, who is, in June, to give an exhibition of archery before the King, has just had erected by the roadside some three miles from Thirsk a stone drinking trough for the use of horses, with a cup for pedestrians. The trough is supplied from a spring on the Thirkleby estate, and bears the inscription, "Weary travellers, bless Sir Ralph, who set for thee this welcome trough—1906." Sir Ralph is now practising for the entertainment of His Majesty, which is being looked forward to with considerable interest in Yorkshire, where a good deal of enthusiasm is still displayed in the old-world acquirement.

Princess Ena of Battenberg is the only Royal child born in Scotland for more than three hundred years.



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Nervous Johnny—I love the smell of motor-cars! Hostess—Really? What an extraordinary taste! Why do you like it? N. J.—Because when you smell it you know the danger's past.—Punch.



## DRAMA

THOUGH Mr. Willard has been an actor and manager for over thirty years, gaining fame and fortune by his efforts, he has never ceased to be a student of dramatic art. His ideas of the subject are, however, rather more comprehensive than those of actors in general. He makes some nice distinctions that are at once interesting and surprising. For example, he says, smilingly appreciative of the paradox: "It is quite a mistake for an actor to think that he can learn dramatic art in the theater. He can learn only dramatic mechanics there, what we call technique, the practical methods and means for the best expression of art. He is very apt to get into the way of believing that technique and art are one, but nothing could be further from the fact. It is, in my opinion, the failure to perceive and grasp this distinction, that marks all the difference between a 'reliable' actor and a creative actor, a merely clever man and a man of a large dramatic calibre. Where then should one study dramatic art? Why, in the school of experience, naturally. In plain words, dramatic art, in the high and valuable sense of the phrase, requires the fullest possible development of the inherent qualities of soul and mind through persistent cultivation in the best fields of thought and action. It is an easy matter for almost any bright young man to imitate anything he sees another do, or to do what he imagines another man would do. That, indeed, is the basis and limitation of most acting; and too many, even among meritorious and standard actors, are content with that measure of dramatic success.

"But it seems to me it should be self-evident that the actor, more than any other exponent of art, must have an intelligent, understanding relation to, and sympathy with, all that makes for the cultivation of the mind and its faculties. Of course, I am speaking of the actor who wants to rise from the plane of the mimetic on to that of the creative, or, perhaps I had better say, interpretative. He must get in touch with the best minds in every field. He must be a student of the best literature; he must make himself intelligently familiar with the finest art in sculpture, painting and architecture; he must cultivate a taste for and appreciation of truly good music. He must have something a little better than current information about some of the sciences, particularly physiology and the effects of mental disturbance. He must know men who think, and through intercourse with them become a thinker on his own account—and to be a thinker is rather more difficult than some of us imagine before we have made an effort really to think.

"It goes without saying that the actor who does not respond to the appeal of the great poets will never take a very high rank in the world of dramatic art, whatever his temporary theatrical success may be.

"If an actor is inspired by a noble esteem of his profession, he will necessarily be eager to qualify himself to do honor to that profession; the more earnestly he devotes himself to that object, the more certainly he will recognize the fact that there is no profession more arduous and exacting—no art more difficult to define in its noble aspects; no calling that demands such a general 'all around' cultivation in the men who hope to achieve eminence in it. This is the case to-day more positively than ever before; and I am so far from regarding the 'palmy days' of dramatic art as a retrospect, that I confidently believe that its best period is to come. Just now we are not making great actors and great drama because in the universal scramble over the flesh-pots the actor and the author are more concerned to make money than to achieve fame. But this is only a phase. Sanity and the true ideal will revisit society in due season, and again, as of old, the money-changers will be driven from the temple for at least a temporary restoration of the art spirit. When that time comes, as come it will, I think there will be a palmy period perhaps more notable and influential than any since the Elizabethan days."

Next week Mr. Willard will appear in *The Middleman* on Monday evening and in a special Thursday matinee; *The Man Who Was* and *David Garrick* on Tuesday evening; *The Professor's Love Story* on Wednesday evening; *The Brighter Side* on Thursday evening; *A Pair of Spectacles* on Friday evening; *David Garrick* Saturday matinee; *Tom Pinch* Saturday evening.

Whatever may be the public opinion concerning Mr. Ben Greet's Shakespeare unadorned, as given in Massey Hall, his woodland performances have come to be regarded as a necessary feature of Convocation week at Toronto University. The announcement that his company will present several plays next month is therefore highly satisfactory. The programme will be as follows: June 6th, afternoon, *As You Like It*; evening, *The Tempest*; June 7th, afternoon, *Twelfth Night*; evening, *Midsummer Night's Dream*; June 9th, afternoon, *Much Ado About Nothing*; evening, *Comedy of Errors*. The great drawback about these arrangements is that, like the garden party, the *al fresco* performance depends for its success upon that extremely uncertain condition, the weather. For the last three years Jupiter Pluvius has claimed the first fortnight of June for his own, and the most uncomfortable place in the city has been under the greenwood tree. But this year we may be allowed to return to the traditional June days and have the Ben Greet productions with proper setting of blue skies and soft breezes.

This has been a decidedly Shakespearean season, but, if one may judge from the audiences during the Sothern-Marlowe engagement, the public interest in the Elizabethan plays is not on the wane. The refined art with which the four dramas of the repertoire were presented was a delight to the student and the layman alike. In *Romeo and Juliet* there was a lack of the youthful

abandon that naturally associates itself with the Veronese lovers. *The Taming of the Shrew* is so seldom produced here that it attracted an unusually large crowd, which found excellent entertainment in the heroic methods of *Petruchio*, whose part was played by Mr. Sothern, with a buoyant spirit that left no dull moments in the performance, and that did not degenerate into buffoonery. Miss Marlowe's *Katherine* was slightly tender even for the tamed condition of the clamorous *Kate*. In *Twelfth Night* the part of *Malvolio*, as played by Mr. Sothern, was a revelation of his versatility, being one of the finest conceptions of that purblind yet piteous character ever presented, while Miss Marlowe's *Viola*, exquisite in the softer moments, was not so piquantly boyish as that of Miss Allen. As *Portia*, however, the great actress came into her own, and was ideal in her dignity and passion. Mr. Sothern as *Shylock* was a rather modernized usurer with more of shrewdness than of a "certain lodged hate" in his methods. The support was all that could be desired, and altogether the Sothern-Marlowe engagement was the most notable dramatic event of the year.

*The Man Who Was*, the one-act play founded on Kipling's story, has been the most interesting dramatic feature of the week. The uncanny figure of *Austin Limmasson*, reappearing at the White Hussars' mess after thirty years in Siberia and the forest, is all the more effective coming after the exit of gallant, debonair *David Garrick*. The story is materially altered, *Dirkovich* appearing as an elderly colonel who had known the missing *Limmason*, while in the story his "onyx eyes" have the blaze of youth. Women appear in the flowing gowns of long ago, while no feminine forms intrude in the original narrative, which is emphatically a man's story, with no mention of women, save the charming widow who refused all the eligible officers. But while these divergences may at first prove perplexing to anyone who knows Kipling by heart, all interest is soon attracted and held by the marvellous acting of *Limmason's* part. Mr. Willard's golden voice has become the broken, hoarse utterance of a half-frenzied refugee and the feeling with which one follows his uncertain yet significant staggering becomes painful in its intensity. It is a noble bit of dramatic art, no sordid tragedy, but an inspiring interpretation of the sort of heroism that held Lucknow and marched from Kandahar. The pluck that preferred Siberia to cringing before an enemy is the spirit of *Limmason*, and with understanding and imagination the English actor enters into the closing scene in the life of the exiled officer. Once more Mr. Willard has made us his debtors by his adherence to what is finest and most delicate in dramatic interpretation.

Old theatergoers who saw *A Bachelor's Romance* presented last year by the Toronto Press Club at the Princess Theater were enthusiastic, and expressed the opinion that the play was fully as enjoyable as the majority of professional engagements. This year the Club will present R. C. Carton's charming four-act comedy, *Liberty Hall*, with Mr. Robert Stuart Pigott in the leading role. The stage direction will be again in the capable hands of Mr. Douglas A. Paterson, who will play the part of *William Todman*, an old bookseller. Mrs. Ethel Van Valkenburg has the part of *Blanche Chikworth*, and the ingénue role of *Amy Chilworth* will be played by Miss Gertrude Tewsley, whose portrait appears in another column. The play will be presented at Shea's Theater on June 8th and 9th and will be under the distinguished patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Clark, and the Premier of Ontario and Mrs. Whitney.

Miss Adelaide Thurston in the *Triumph of Betty* has proved an attraction at the Grand this week. The play is not sufficiently robust to tax an actor's resources, so that Miss Thurston had hardly an opportunity to display her talents to advantage. She, however, proved herself an actress of considerable personal charm and glided over the playwright's faults with her animation and vivacity. She has one great merit; she is always natural and unaffected. *The Triumph of Betty* is the tale of a free-spirited American girl, Betty Bartlett, cast away in the gloom of an English cathedral town. She is visiting her uncle, Canon Bartlett, and seriously transgresses the staid decorum of ecclesiastical circles. Her cousin's wife has foolishly become involved with a villainous London broker—on the stage all brokers are villainous—and Betty's triumph consists in freeing her unfortunate relative from the web in which she is entangled. There are

### PRESS CLUB THEATER NIGHT.



MISS GERTRUDE TEWSLEY.

Who plays the part of Amy Chilworth in *Liberty Hall*, to be produced by the Toronto Press Club at Shea's Theater, June 8th and 9th.



KING CARLOS I. OF PORTUGAL.



QUEEN AMALIA OF PORTUGAL.



### OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS.

The Toronto visitors to Lisbon are delighted with their stay in the Capital of Portugal. The King opened the International Medical Congress on April 19, and the Queen, who is a graduate in medicine and a sister of the Prince of Orleans, was most interested in the Congress and the visitors. At a Royal garden party Dr. Mrs. and the Misses Oldright, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins, and Dr. Hubbard of Forest, Ontario, were guests.

some very good touches of humor in the play, some exciting situations and a pretty little comedienne. With these possessions it could not fail of success.

First-class vaudeville has been the rule at Shea's this season, so that it is difficult to single out one week's programme from its predecessors. This week, however, the bill is exceptionally lively and entertaining. Mlle. Chester and her white setter give some representations of hunting scenes as a curtain raiser. Then follow Avery and Hart, colored entertainers. Dean Edsall and Arthur Forbes have an amusing sketch entitled *The Two Rubes*; and Virginia Earle and her Johnnies appear in a musical act. Les Dumond's musicians are followed by Patty Brothers with some amazing head-balancing feats. The younger brother descends a staircase one step at a time on his head, and strangest of all, lives through the performance. The usual kinetograph completes the bill.

The attraction at the Grand next week will be a stirring four-act comedy drama entitled *Texas*, written by J. Mauldin Feigl. The play gives a very realistic production of Texas ranch life and the quaint characters who herd the cattle on a thousand hills. The author was born and raised in Texas and thus has an intimate knowledge of the scenes he portrays. *Texas* has a powerful plot with a fascinating love story, and is presented by first-class dramatic talent. The scenery and costumes are on an elaborate scale, and there is every reason to expect that the play will be a picturesque spectacle.

Grace Cameron will be the headliner of the bill at Shea's Theater next week. The dainty little comedienne has not been seen here since she sang *Dolly Dimples* in *Piff! Paff! Pout!* and looked the part. Since that time Miss Cameron has been all over the world, and her success has been nothing short of sensational. The special attraction that Manager Shea has provided will be the Pekin Zouaves, who have not been seen here in some time. They are seventeen in number and their military movements are executed with surprising rapidity and precision, and the conclusion of their turn is always sensational. Billy Van, the Minstrel Man, will be a feature on the bill. Van is a favorite in Toronto and he has a lot of new stories and is singing some good parodies. Kennedy and Rooney present their eccentric comedy diversion, *The Happy Medium*, for which they carry a special and attractive setting. The other performers are the Musical Avolos, xylophonists; the Flying Rathbuns, in novel and sensational aerial work; and Harrington and Lawrence, presenting a character comedy skit, *Installments*. The bill will close as usual with the kinetograph pictures including the first authentic pictures of the San Francisco disaster.

### The Fainting Lady.

WHAT has become of the heroine who had hysterics and fainted on the slightest provocation? This reflection arises after reading a certain trashy modern novel entitled *The Sin of Saint Desmond*, which is quite as melodramatic as it sounds. It is a story that Laura Jean Libbey need not blush to own and which, if done into a play,

would be a formidable rival to *She Dared Do Right* and *Human Hearts*. The heroine, whose name is *Louise*, talks to one of her "gentlemen friends" in this highly poetic fashion: "Oh, Mr. Wells, why don't you take off your hat and let the breezes comb your hair? No gentle hand of your loved ones can it touch so softly." We are not surprised when she afterwards exclaims: "I dote on Marie Corelli's worm-eaten skeletons, her moldy tombs, her despairing shrieks."

But there is one respect in which the lady of this impossible romance resembles heroines that have bloomed and faded in more worthy productions. She possesses a genius for fainting that leaves the golf girl of to-day in doubt whether to scorn or envy her ability to drop in a "white, shapeless heap." It matters not where she may be found, by the sea, in the "arbor," or on the verandah, *Louise* never fails to tumble over artistically and scare a strong-armed man out of his wits. He always manages, however, to pick her up and convey her to a sofa, and after this heroic performance he watches the color gradually return to her perfect cheeks and faultless lips. We are quite prepared to learn that she affects a "white, airy costume" and that she dies in the last chapter, which, by the way, is headed, "Was It Better So?" In the interests of her "gentlemen friends" we reply cheerfully in the affirmative.

But this favorite weakness recalls the dear creatures who once were true to life in their little swooning ways and made the early years of the nineteenth century a scene of feminine sensibility. *Amelia Sedley* and *Dora Copperfield* were sweet young things who were never too busy to take a few moments off and become gracefully unconscious. There was one occasion on which fainting was the only course for the "well-bred girl in society." In the course of the memorable trial of *Bardell vs. Pickwick*, Mrs. Susannah Sanders informed the court that "she (witness) fainted away stone dead when Mr. Sanders asked her to name the day, and believed everybody as called herself a lady would do the same under similar circumstances." That being the recognized procedure, the stout maiden, to speak in paradox, must have stood slim chances of exclaiming, "This is really too sudden!" before toppling into the hero's embrace. The tall young person also must have been at a disadvantage and found a certain difficulty in disposing of her lengthy charms when it came to a matter of sinking neatly to the ground. What muscular heroes they must have been in the days of our great-grandfathers! They seem never to have wearied in the cause of lifting and propping the fainting loved one and even walked up-stairs and across fields bearing the precious burden with unassumed grace. But as women have gained in strength and endurance men have declined, and the modern young man is sadly unequal to the emergency of carrying an unconscious girl from either church or hall without presenting a sorry and awkward spectacle. Fainting has gone out with the gorgeous samplers and cowslip wine of our "foremothers," and the occasional modern performance is crude and inartistic when compared with the accounts of how the ladies of long ago lay in a helpless heap with their golden tresses falling about their white muslin shoulders. It is one of those picturesque customs for which we have no time in these hurried days.

CANADIAN.



## An Absolute Cure For DYSPEPSIA

Dyspepsia, indigestion, belching of gas after eating, mean weakness. By means of its muscles, the stomach should churn the food—changing solids into liquids—mixing in the gastric juice to start digestion.

If the stomach is weak—then food is not properly churned and mixed with enough gastric juice. Then you have indigestion and then dyspepsia.

## Fruit-a-tives

OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS"

strengthen the stomach—just as juicy beef and eggs and milk strengthen the wasted frame of a patient getting over Typhoid.

FRUIT-A-TIVES contain the elements that give new—vigor new energy—to the muscles lining the stomach—stimulate the digestive glands and assure a copious flow of gastric juice for each meal.

More than that, FRUIT-A-TIVES correct the Constipation which usually attends stomach trouble—and by acting directly on kidneys and liver, put the whole system in healthy condition.

FRUIT-A-TIVES are a peculiar combination of fruit juices and tonics that are known all over Canada for their wonderful cures in all stomach, liver and kidney troubles.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.



**Bend Your Arm—Ellis Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear**

will stretch from shoulder to wrist—each stitch gives to the next—the strain on any one stitch not one-quarter what it will stand.

Release the strain. Each stitch takes back its own. It is co-operation underwear.

With the old latch-stitch this strain is local—confined to about six inches. Each fibre in that space is stretched to almost breaking—and cannot spring back as it should to keep its shape and wear.

That's why Ellis Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear fits best, wears best and is most comfortable.

Ask your dealer. And send for free booklet.

The Ellis Mfg. Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Sole makers in Canada of SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED UNDERWEAR.



**Yildiz MAGNOLIA EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES**

20 per pack

Just out. Fully aged. And O! what a delicious satisfying flavor. Be good to yourself. Order

"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE"

No Breakfast Table complete without

**EPPS'S**

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

**COCOA**

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

BEF Now I can eat the faces.

We've treated HAVE Super ways from of Electri send or pl

Graham 3rd Church

will make that you e and wrink checks, re restful and

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## Marriage Made Easy.

ANY people have caught the habit of calling this a selfish and materialistic age, but surely such a view is one of unwarranted pessimism. When we stop to consider how many hundreds and thousands of persons all over the world are engaged in purely philanthropic enterprises, we are driven to the conclusion that it is nonsense to hold that this is a world of hard hearts and tin souls. Just this week I received a communication which would shame anyone out of holding the idea that in "the age in which we live" business of all sorts is made a predatory pursuit.

A Chicago gentleman, the proprietor of a "Corresponding Club," who has taken the pains to discover my forlorn bachelor condition, and also how to spell my name correctly, writes to me as follows:

"Dear Sir,—Our object in addressing you is that we desire a gent member in your locality. Again, we have registered with us a very handsome lady member, residing in your State, who we wish to put you in communication with, and if she suits you, form a marriage, as we have promised to find her a husband as soon as possible. So if you will become a member at once we will make you a special offer of a six months' membership, for one dollar. Believing that you are in need of a wife, let us arouse your energies and urge you to take advantage of our liberal offer, truly the best offer ever made by a reputable firm."

"We are satisfied," continues the letter, "that she will suit you in age and the quality you most desire in a wife. Residing at no great distance from her will undoubtedly increase your chances, and make it easy for you, with our assistance, to marry her, and raise yourself financially in the estimation of your friends, acquaintances, and the business world."

On the other hand, in case the handsome lady specially mentioned does not suit in every particular, I have the following assurance:

"We have upon our books hundreds of other handsome, wealthy ladies, among them are blue-eyed blondes, sparkling brunettes, both maidens and widows, with farms, city property and money, of all descriptions, who have come to us to find them suitable husbands. Many of our club members have married ladies with means through our efforts, and instead of working and saving for others for the bare necessities of life are now happy and prosperous."

Now, imagine the effect of such an inducement held out in the budding springtime to an impressionable young man in a town like Toronto, where opportunities for meeting handsome ladies—with means—are so rare. Enclosed with the letter is a paper—the only responsible and reputable matrimonial journal in existence, or something to that effect. It speaks feelingly of the joys of home. "Get you," it urges, "a neat, true, affectionate wife, one who will love you and make your home a paradise."

The object of the club, the paper continues, "is to arouse, by honorable effort, those who are wasting their time and energies through indifference to life's prizes." Late into the night, casting my Omar Khayyam aside, I read in my lonely room these moving utterances.

Turning from the column of abstract advice, I carefully perused the specific offers made in the paper by charming young ladies all over America. My heart thumped as I came upon one from a fair damsel at Oak Grove, Ontario. Could this be the "handsome lady in my State," intended for me? I read her letter with unbounded interest. "A refined, cultured young lady, an artist by profession," it ran, "age nineteen, height five feet six, weight 130, light hair, soft, blue eyes, very fair complexion, called handsome, a gentle and modest disposition." Surely this was charming and enticing enough!

Going further, I was rather taken with the letter of a Kentucky belle of "peachy complexion and soft blue eyes, worth \$40,000," who started off with: "Hello, boys! Here comes a very jolly, handsome little brunette from old Kentucky." She had a modest disposition, too.

Then there was another from the same State, worth \$40,000, and inheriting \$50,000 more, who wrote in the hope that her cry of "I am lonely!" might "find an answering echo in some kind gentleman's heart."

Some of the young ladies are typewriters, and they at first appealed to me, but after considering the literary form of their letters, I came to the conclusion that they would probably be more useful in radiating an atmosphere of refinement and culture than in preparing "copy."

I finally decided that the thing for me to do, as soon as I could spare a dollar, would be to become a "gent member" of the club, and put myself in communication with the wealthiest one on the list. As they are all "refined and cultured," kind-hearted and handsome, or "considered handsome," I thought I might just as well take the hint offered in the letter, and "go in and win" one "with means."

Isn't it refreshing in these days of graft to meet with this sort of business benevolence? These people who offer to make one happy for life for a consideration—the very small consideration of one dollar—will surely meet with their reward. The proprietor of the club states in his letter that among people of limited observation and experience a few narrow-minded persons are found who object to forming acquaintances except in the regular way, but that he believes that "all who are instrumental in introducing two hearts resulting in a marriage of perfect happiness are benefactors to humanity and a blessing to any community." I firmly believe so, too.

HAL.

## Race-Week Millinery Opening

AN EXQUISITE EXHIBIT OF IMPORTATIONS FROM PARIS JUST ARRIVED  
FOR THE SUMMER COMMENCEMENT



THE great open-air Spring festival at the Woodbine has begun. Our Summer Millinery showing is ready just in time. Several newly-arrived Parisian beauties add grace and distinction to the exhibit, while from New York also come models in the brightest American manner.

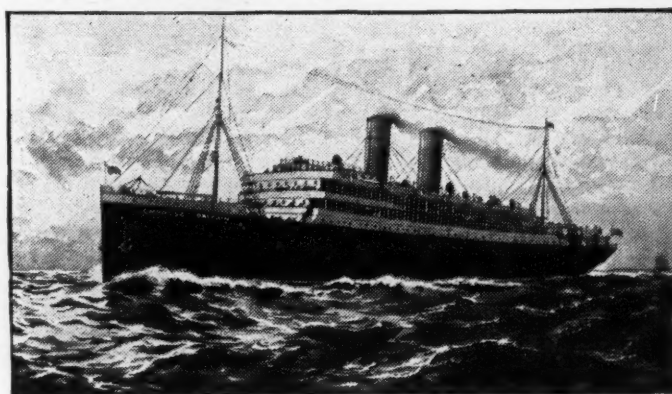
But the strength of the demonstration is chiefly due to the talented way our own clever milliners have adapted these ideas

in the hundreds of Simpson-trimmed Hats, ready and waiting for your approval.

These embody all the inspiration of Metropolitan Fashion and of Spring. Flowers form their motif, Paris is their authority. You cannot equal them short of the Fashion Capital itself.

Let us expect you some race-day morning soon.

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY, LIMITED



THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN"  
This magnificent new steamer, which is the first of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's new liners to make the trip across the Atlantic, docked at Quebec last Saturday. Large crowds cheered her auspicious arrival. The "Empress of Britain" is 570 feet long. She has accommodation for 350 first-cabin, 350 second-cabin, and 1,000 third-class passengers; and her crew numbers 375, of whom 180 are stewards.

## ANECDOTAL

The Archbishop of Dublin recently performed a marriage in the family of a wealthy Irish distiller. After the breakfast the distiller thanked the archbishop effusively for his share of the proceedings, and said to him as he took leave, "The Lord be with you."

"And with thy spirit," is reported to have been the rejoinder.

On one occasion the Dean of Wells, in introducing E. A. Freeman, whom he could abide neither as man nor historian, said: "I rise with great pleasure to propose the health of our eminent neighbor, Mr. Freeman, the historian, a man who—in his own personal characteristics—has so often depicted for us the savage character of our first forefathers."

A London newsboy, who is accustomed to shout "Extras" every evening, recently had a very bad cold and became hoarse. Feeling himself at a disadvantage, he carried a large card in front of him, on which he had roughly written: "Hush! Noise is a nuisance! I can't shout my extras, but I have them all the same!" It did not take the boy long to sell out his stock of papers to the grateful passers-by.

While a temporary sojourner in the United States, Wong Kai Kah was asked a question regarding the antiquity of his family. "Oh," he said, with naive modesty and yet with a merry twinkle in his eye, "my family is new in China; indeed, we have nothing to boast of as to long establishment in that country, for we have been there only 2,500 years, having come from a place to the south and east of the Caspian Sea."

"In South America," said the returned traveler, "there is a peculiar species of fish which is provided with a set of embryo limbs on which it is at times able to hop across the fields and even to climb trees. I believe that is the only instance known of fishes that can travel overland." "Oh, I don't know," commented the other man. "Right here in the United States I have known fish that traveled thousands of miles overland." "You don't say! May I ask what sort of fish they are?" "Canned salmon."

"Once, in Banbury," said a well-known American oyster grower, I dined with an English farmer. We had ham for dinner, a very delicious ham, baked. The farmer's son soon finished his portion and passed his plate again. "More 'am," father," he said. The father frowned. "Don't say 'am," son," he said, "say 'am'." "I did say 'am,'" the lad protested, in an injured tone. "You said 'am'!" cried the father, fiercely. "Am's what it should be. 'Am, not 'am!' In the midst

## JAEGER PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

During the heat of summer the one ideally cool and comfortable underclothing is "JAEGER" Pure Wool. By promoting perspiration and by aiding in its quick evaporation it gives to the body an agreeable sense of buoyancy and lightness, which enables one to bear the most oppressive weather with ease and equanimity. From leading dealers in all principal cities. Write for Catalogue No. 31.

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System Co., Ltd., 2206 St. Catherine St., Montreal, Toronto Depot, Wreyford & Co., 85 King St. W.



Fine English Flannel Outing Shirts, which are made without pleats and monogram placed on deep flap on the breast pocket. Most of the better kind are fitted with French turn-back cuffs and a soft collar of the same material is usually preferred. The collar has eyelids in it. A gold safety pin is used to hold the cravat in place.

This latter style has become so popular for all out-door pastimes. We have a very large assortment of these in neat check and stripe designs. Prices ranging from \$2.00 up.

**Wreyford & Co.**

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Dr. Jaeger's Woollen Specialties

**KENNEDY Shorthand School**

A business man fortunate enough to secure a Kennedy School graduate realizes the inadequacy of business college training. Our certificate of graduation is a guarantee of absolute stenographic efficiency. Visit the School, or write for particulars.

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7 and 9 King Street East Toronto.

**"Baedeker"**

You'll find Baedeker's Guide Books of all countries here. Price-list free on application.

**THE BOOK SHOP.**

Up-to-Date Tourists

## Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives

SUPPORTED BY

**DOLLARS**

Contributed by the Public on account of LOVE AND HUMANITY

SEND TO H. C. Hammond, Treasurer, 21 Jordan St., Toronto

## ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. ROYAL MAIL SERVICE—FINEST AND FASTEST—"EMPRESSES"

MONTREAL, QUEBEC AND LIVERPOOL

May 10, Thur ..... Lake Manitoba

" 19, Sat ..... Empress of Britain

" 24, Thur ..... Lake Champlain

" 31, Thur ..... Lake Erie

June 14, Thur ..... Lake Manitoba

" 23, Sat ..... Empress of Britain

" 30, Sat ..... Lake Champlain

July 7, Sat ..... Empress of Ireland and weekly thereafter.

MONTREAL TO LONDON DIRECT

May 20, Montrose (one class) \$40.00

" 27, Mount Temple, 3rd " 26.50

June 17, Lake Michigan, " " 26.50

S.S. Lake Champlain & Lake Erie carry only One Class of Cabin passengers (Second Class), to whom is given the accommodation situated in the best part of the steamer at \$40.00, \$42.50 and \$45.00.

Lake Manitoba—1st, \$65.00 and upwards; 2nd, \$40.00.

Empresses—1st, \$80.00 to \$500.00; 2nd, \$45.00 and \$47.50; 3rd, \$28.75.

S. J. SHARP, W. Pass. Agent, Phone Main 2550, 80 Yonge Street

## Niagara River Line

—FOR—

NIAGARA FALLS, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Steamer Time Table

In effect May 1st, daily (except Sunday). L.v. Toronto, foot Yonge St., 7.30 a.m. 2.00 p.m. Arr. " " 1.15 p.m. 8.30 p.m.

City Ticket Office, Yonge St. Dock and A. F. Webster, King and Yonge Sts. Book Tickets on sale at 14 Front St. East only.

**THE MARSHALL Sanitary Mattress**

is positively the only one that an invalid can lie on indefinitely without developing uncomfortable and disagreeable conditions.

Phone Main 4533 for information.

**The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co., Limited**

261 King St. West : : Toronto

**HOTEL DEL MONTE**

Preston Springs, Ont. The popular Health Resort and Mineral Springs under new management. Renovated throughout. Excellent cuisine.

J. W. HIRST & SONS, Props. Late of the Elliott House, Toronto



Ask yourself if Stomach, Liver and Bowels are in their best condition for the long winter. If not, you know what will put them right—and keep them right. A morning glass of

## Abbey's Effervescent Salt

25c and 60c a bottle. At druggists everywhere

Don't be bothered with a table salt that cakes.

## Windsor SALT

never cakes, because every grain is a pure, dry, perfect crystal.

## CLARK'S



The pork adds a delicacy and richness of flavour to the carefully selected beans which makes it one of the most appetizing and tasty dishes. There is no food more nourishing than

## CLARK'S Pork and Beans.

They are sold plain or flavoured with Chili or Tomato Sauce in germ proof tins.

WM. CLARK, Mfr. MONTREAL. 7-1-06

## OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

ROBT. B. HENDERSON,  
48 Canada Life Bldg  
King St. West

HERBERT C. JACUITH,  
Confederation Life Bldg

J. S. BACK,  
704 Temple Bldg.  
MRS. ADALYN K. PIGOTT,  
182 Bloor St. East

GEORGE W. A. COOK,  
169 College Street.

## WHIRLWIND CARPET CLEANER

R. P. POWELL

Carpets taken up, cleaned and re-laid.

Cor. Bloor and Manning Ave.  
Phone Park 530.

## Superfluous Hair

Removed by the New Principle

## De Miracle

A revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. There are offered you the BARK WORLD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed wrapper, for \$1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1215 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class druggists, department stores and

The Robert Thompson Co., Limited, Toronto.

## LADY GAY'S

THREE men were struggling in the waves, three drowning bodies. One cried to his fellow, "Help me," and the fellow gave him a hand for a moment. The man said: "Thank you," and assisted himself to safety. Can you imagine the perfect breeding of that man who said, "Thank you"? It seemed superb. He who had aided him remembered it later. The third man gained a place where he was kept above water, and began to pray hysterically. "Shut up that noise," said the helper, "you can pray silent; you'll need all your strength to hang on there." The man fell to sobbing, "My wife, my little ones!" Then he prayed for safety, gasping as the seas rolled over him, strangling in cries to his God. The helper said savagely, "If you don't stop, I'll knock you into the sea," and the shrieks and sobs sunk into silence. Presently the noisy one threw up his hands and slid into the sea. "God be good to him," muttered the helpful man, who was a folk's hand, and had been wrecked in four oceans. Then he edged a bit nearer the passenger he had assisted. "O K, sir," he asked shortly. "Yes, thank you! But I am not so strong as you, and may not hold out. I want to tell you my name, and ask you to send word to my wife and daughter, when you get to shore." Then he told the sailor who and whence he was. A great wave broke over the two, and drowned the surprise out of the sailor's wide eyes. When it sank he saw no one, but once again the sea, in play with his fate and the fate of that other, washed the limp body to him. Once more he caught the hand and held it, and hauled the man up beside him, and, with his arm about the swaying body and his other arm locked tight about the spar, he floated interminable ages. It was dawn when the wreck went down, and it was sunset when the master of a hardy fishing-smack, putting out past the rocks, caught sight of the spar and the two men. By and by, they were hauled aboard, dosed with fiery brandy smuggled from St. Pierre and Miquelon, and stowed away below in a dim and dingy cuddy. When the fishing-smack returned to port, the sailor was working gratefully with the crew, and the man who had said "Thank you" was raving of England, love, and duty, making a speech in the House, fussing over matters purely domestic, shouting for a valet to cure his aching head with ice and cologne. The sailor went ashore with a gruff and hearty "I'm obliged to ye all!" and the man who raved was taken with great care to an hospital; the cable worked to reassure his friends abroad, and worked again to order no money or care to be spared until they reached his side. To-day, restored and recovered, the man pores over the list of a vast liner's crew, hoping some occult sight will direct him to the discovery of the identity of that stalwart sailorman who drew him twice from the watery death when its salty fingers gripped him relentlessly. And that sailorman, telling the story of their peril to half-interested listeners (for surely they have gone through many a similar narrow squeeze themselves), never forgets to say: "And when I gets him on the spar, longside me, says he, 'Thank you, polite as a lady—and his name was—' Then, bethinking himself of a certain resolve, 'Aw well, mates, his name's no matter; so long as he has sich manners, he's surely a right man.' I heard the sailor's story from a certain light-keeper, no matter how or where, and from across the seas came, the other day, the Englishman's part of it; so that, fired with zeal to meddle, I have sent two small scripts, one to a certain lordly place in England, and another to a lonely lighthouse on a rocky shore, for it may be that a great generous heart will be lighter and a certain rugged life have some of its hardships ameliorated should those two men who floated together on the salt sea ever come into touch on the dry and solid land. And I have signed no name to either letter, for that would neither make nor mar their news."

LADY GAY.

## Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Greta.—The mother-in-law question is an evergreen. I cannot advise you in your dilemma, but would suggest that you temper your determination. There are so many excuses to be made for the old and foolish. Why not make up your mind she is foolish, and treat her as kindly as you would the mentally weak? Life and passion are at high tide with you, dear woman, and are as hard to control as a pair of overfed thoroughbreds. Calmer days will come, when you may be able to look back and wonder what possessed you. It is quite natural, the way you feel and express yourself, but there are so many natures, brute nature, man nature, God nature. You are beset just now by suggestions from the first of the three. Isn't it too horrible if you respond? Let your mind dwell on contemplation of the universal brotherhood, which binds all souls to the Soul in Chief—you and she are but atoms of that great Divine, the same in your enduring and best qualities. Forgive a preachment, but such a mental attitude is the only one which will ensure harmony, and consequently peace. It's too high for any but those who have discerned. And how it feeds and strengthens one's soul. You have magnificent qualities; your writing tells me that. All the greater tragedy if you don't rise to your highest!

Peggy O.—This is a very gifted and capable person, not conspicuous for

## A FINE MENU

One That Can Be Used In "Food Cure."

A man may try all sorts of drugs to help him to get well, but, after all, the "food cure" is the method intended by Nature.

Anyone can prove the efficacy of the food cure by making use of the following breakfast each morning for fifteen or twenty days:

A dish containing not more than four heaping teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts food, enough good, rich cream to go with it, some raw or cooked fruit, not more than two slices of entire wheat bread, and not more than one cup of Postum Food Coffee, to be sipped, not drunk hurriedly. Let this suffice for the breakfast.

Let one meal in the day consist of an abundance of good meat, potato, and one other vegetable.

This method will quickly prove the value of the selection of the right kind of food to rebuild the body and replace the lost tissue which is destroyed every day and must be made up, or disease of some sort enters in. This is an age of specialists, and the above suggestions are given by a specialist in food values, dietetics and hygiene.

take a real meal before evening dinner," said another affectedly; "just a cup of coffee and toast at nine, a plate of soup or a cup of broth at two, and nothing else but afternoon tea. Then a good dinner at seven, which I thoroughly enjoy." This difference in tastes must drive the housekeeper for a large family nearly distracted. It has been said that the thoroughly healthy person enjoys a semi-substantial breakfast as none other can, and that an appetite for breakfast is the best of signs. When one takes the trouble to note the times and manners of feeding which obtain, one no longer marvels at the ills and misdoings of humanity. "If I eat Welsh rarebit, I am in a humor to injure my best friend," said a man merrily, declining the aforesaid supper. "You eat the flesh which your Messiah selected as fit abode for devils," says Shylock, in effect. "Coffee makes me hate my family and abhor my friends," sighed a liver victim. Everyone has heard such confessions. And yet each of these direful results is plentifully consumed every day by persons who never seem to realize their possible effect.

Another most interesting book fell into my hands this week, "The Way of the Gods," a vivid, tragic little tale of a young samurai (aristocrat) of Japan. Perhaps it will shock a Western reader of the unrepentant sort, for Oriental codes of right and wrong are in line with the accepted notions hereabouts. But there is a fascination in the wee soldier and his longing to die the great red death of the battle field, instead of the "small white death" of women and children in peaceful beds. "The Way of the Gods" doesn't idealize Japan nor give verdict on her peculiarities. It tells the story with a certain relentless picturesque truth, and the Western mind staggers and recoils while recognizing what makes the Japs such unconquerable soldiers. It is, judged by Western measure, a sad, profitless story, but in reading it one becomes a bit Orientalized, and the awful doings related seem natural and inevitable. As a glimpse into certain Japanese lives, it is interesting exceedingly, and there is passion of love, of patriotism, and of sacrifice, red and vivid, all through. The author is John Luther Long, who has already achieved fame as a writer of Japanese stories.

LADY GAY.

any particular talent, but well developed all round, and with nice and refined feeling, great care and conscientiousness, facility of expression, concentration, adaptability, some sentiment, imagination, hope and tenacity; neatness, energy, and good sequence of ideas are shown, quick mentality, firm and somewhat dominant will, and a receptive mind; taste and love of beauty are also suggested.

Thistle-bird.—Well, kiddikins, I don't know whether I should pick out your feathers or not. They are only down yet! January 30th brings you under a charming sign, Aquarius, the water carrier, an air sign, and you are going to do it justice if you carry out present promises. Keep your love of Tennyson, my girlie, in spite of the wooden-heads who say there's really nothing in his poetry. Some day, if the gods are good to you, you may hear your favorite "Crossing the Bar," as I did, chanted softly by a perfect choir in a grand, vaulted chapel, where no sound but the rich, sweet voices was heard, no organ, a sort of luscious twilight, a glint of color from some deep-toned, stained pane, or from the scarlet of some Fellow's gown, and perhaps two little specks of white from the tapers on the lectern. And you may find warm drops on your cheeks and a great swelling of your heart, and a choking in your throat that is intensest delight. Wait a while before you demand a further delineation.

Kate Isabel.—March 11th brings you under Pisces, and your writing confesses you a true Pisces child. It is gracious and full of feeling and impulse, and generally hopeful and affectionate. You are sympathetic and kind, have good taste, care for detail, excellent sequence of ideas, and a rather material nature. You should have many friends, and be popular and successful in general acquaintance and occupation.

St. Patrick.—This is another clever writing. Writer should have marked artistic ability and great grasp of affairs in the chosen line of business, which will be probably sometimes exacting, good scope, and plenty of initiative. It need not demand steady and mechanical pursuit, for that is foreign to your nature. There is lots of sentiment and original force in it.

## Many to Select From.

The best known ladies' shoe in Canada to-day is the Dolly Varden, although it is but a short time since the first Dolly Varden was opened on St. Catherine street in Montreal. Selling at the same price in both Canada and the United States, the Dolly Varden has given to the ladies of Canada the opportunity which they have longed for. Few retail shoe dealers grow enthusiastic over the importation of American shoes, and they only stock a few sparse styles, but in the Dolly Varden boot shop at 110 Yonge street all the prevailing styles are shown in all sizes. And \$4 and \$3.50 a pair—just think of it!

## June Weddings

will be as numerous, if not more so, than ever, this season. One of the most important events is the "Wedding Trip," and you will make no mistake in consulting Mr. C. E. Horning, the affable city ticket agent of the Grand Trunk, who will make you up an itinerary for a short or long trip. Just try him and be happy.

## Royal Muskoka Hotel.

A handsome brochure has been issued by the Muskoka Lakes Navigation and Hotel Company, that is as dainty as "Queen's lace handkerchief," and which contains 25 illustrations, a map, and descriptive literature of interest to the summer tourist or those looking for a desirable summer home.

A postal card to the undersigned will secure a copy, and a visit to this most desirable resort, situated in the "Highlands of Ontario," will be a pleasant revelation. District Passenger Agent, G.T.R., Toronto.

## He Belonged to the Union.

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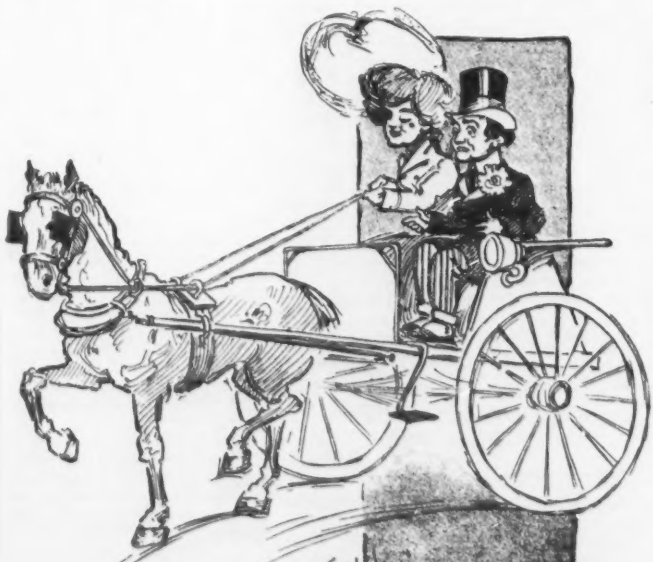
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### A Miracle of the Far North.

By Charles Lewis Shaw.

"TALKING about dogs," said an old-timer of the North-West, "Have you any idea why the missionary of the far North finds the Northern Indians ready and willing to accept the white-man's religion whether offered to him by a Roman Catholic or an Anglican priest, a Presbyterian or a Methodist minister? Well, it was this. You know Bishop Grandin is the first Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of St. Albert, which extends to the North Pole. You know his self-sacrificing devotion to his religion, and you may have heard about his long and trying journeys on behalf of the church he served so well throughout the great lone land of the North. It was he that first lit the spark of Christianity that glows so readily whenever any wandering missionary chooses to turn it on in the north."

"How was that?" some one asked. "It was years ago when Bishop Grandin was only a priest, a traveling Oblate Father doing missionary work among the wandering Indians of the Peace and Mackenzie Rivers. Somewhere or other in the Great Mackenzie Basin one of the dog-teams that the Bishop and his Indian guide had with them ran amuck through the timber and ice hummocks, tore the packs off the sled and scattered their outfit over several miles of the barren land. As luck would have it every flint and steel in the outfit happened that day to be on the runaway sled, even the flint and steel usually carried in the fire-bag of the guide."

"For several bleak winter days priest and Indian traveled fireless through the loneliness of the frozen North, and the little Christianity that was in the guide was frozen out of him, and the devoted priest had no son to fear desertion by one who, with almost all his people, yet looked askance at the religion of the long-robed medicine man."

"One bitterly cold evening, as they were making camp, Father Grandin could see from various indications that his guide intended to desert him during the night. The priest retired to a thicket close by and engaged in evening prayer. As the office of vespers was being recited in the loneliness of the great lone land the guide completed his preparations for his contemplated desertion."

"He didn't desert, however," concluded the story-teller as the fire burned low in the old inn, "and Christianity was firmly established in the North. The Bishop had found a Lucifer match in the lining of his cassock, and the guide let fall the pack he was tying up when he saw flame and smoke issuing from the thicket where the priest had been communicating with the white man's God. It was the Miracle of the North."

### Trolley Rules for Ladies.

Always stand between the light and a man reading a newspaper. This innocent ruse often gets you a seat. It is no longer considered good form for ladies to match to see who will pay the car fare.

If you are carrying a dress-suit case take a seat near the rear door, and place the suit-case in such a position that passengers will fall over it.

Never wait for an empty trolley. Crowd in and make some man so uncomfortable that he will give up his seat.

Ladies always should crowd near the exit of a closed car. In stepping off a car face backwards. If the car should start suddenly it will amuse the spectators.

In paying your fare always take your time. It annoys the conductor. People who think that newspaper advertisements are not read should watch a man sitting in a street car where women are standing.

If in a crowded car a man is standing on your feet it is quite proper to ask him to desist, without the formality of an introduction—"Puck."

### Colonel Clark's Contribution.

Speaking about a Government position for Sherring, he may be just as well without it in the long run. We learn that the Bell Telephone Company is green with envy of Sherring's rate for long distance.

Hamilton would never have forgiven Byron if he had made it read, "The Mountain looks down on Marathon."

While Sherring was a brakeman he is said to have had a good run on the G. T. R.

The Mountain looks up to Marathon. Hamiltonians were always fast, anyway.

The Greek who first ran the 26-mile race from the Marathon battlefield to carry the news to Athens, and who died immediately on arrival, was himself a dead game sport.

The fact that Sherring was able to live in Hamilton ever since he was born proved that he had marvelous staying powers.

"Here's looking at you!" as the Mountain said to Marathon—Kincardine "Review."

### Defined at Last.

Professor—Suppose an irresistible force should meet an immovable body, what would be the result?

Student—A "merger."—"Judge."



### ECONOMY OF LABOR.

Young Softroe (who is trying to pick up bargains in polo ponies)—Nice pony, but seems inclined to rest that foreleg, don't you know. Irish Coper—And wasn't that phwat I was tellin' ye now! That's a little horse that's always got a leg to spare. Sure, isn't that the very wan he's restin' now against the time he'll be wantin' ut?—"Punch."

### The Spade People

"I F there's one creature I detest more than another," said the Philosopher, "it's a person who prides himself on calling a spade a spade. Don't you agree with me?"

"I do," I answered heartily and hurriedly. "I have a cousin like that, and he is perfectly hateful."

"There you go!" said the Philosopher in disgust, "a woman is always personal, and proceeds to cite a particular case."

"It was merely an instance. But weren't you thinking of somebody in particular?"

"I was referring to a class," said the Philosopher, "but if you're anxious for me to mention names, there's Alfred Banks. He fairly revels in spades, and talks about them whenever there's a chance for him to get a word in. You'd think the world was made of mud and spades. I don't believe he ever sees a sunset or hears a sonata. As for violets and roses, he doesn't know they're in the world."

"What particular pearls have you been casting before him?" I inquired innocently.

"I know better than to cast pearls before Banks. But what irritates me is that the fellow thinks that his rudeness and vulgarity are only honesty. I wish he'd get over thinking that a man has to be a boor in order to be sincere."

"I never could see the necessity for talking about spades anyway. They're for the purpose of digging graves, not for making conversation."

"What puzzles me," continued the Philosopher, "is how Banks is always being taken in by people who don't fool anyone else. Now, he's engaged to that silly little Nettie Wright. How can one explain it when he prides himself on being so outspoken?"

"That sort of man is always easy to flatter," I kindly explained. "All a woman has to do is to tell him that she knows he's so straightforward that there isn't any use in flattering him or trying to deceive him. So she never praises him, but is always asking his opinion about things and acting as if she were a little afraid of his downright ways. So at last he proposes to her in a brusque fashion without any sentimental fibs, and says he's not going to say she's the only woman he ever loved—because she isn't. And she accepts the spade man, but keeps on telling him how different he is from other men, and how she can trust him because he is so frank and honest."

"How do you know all that?" said the Philosopher suspiciously.

"I once knew a girl who was engaged to a spade man, and she used to tell me about his remarks."

"She couldn't have been exactly honorable."

"But she was very amusing. She managed the spade man beautifully, and after they were married, she began to call a spade a spade until he didn't like it at all. However, he's nearly cured now, and sometimes is almost pleasant and polite. Of course he still discovers spades where other people don't see them, but he is careful not to shout the fact."

"I wish Banks would get married soon if there's any chance of his being reformed."

"There's only one way of doing it, and that is by setting up a rival stock of spades, and calling his attention to them early and late."

"That sort of person always has such an abominable voice," added the Philosopher, "the game is really not worth the candle. How the most determined woman who ever married a man to reform him could put up with those heavy, dogmatic tones is more than I can understand."

"You'll live to see Alfred Banks a henpecked husband," I assured him. "He'll come to have no use for the spade except in the back yard, and he'll learn to talk about the pictures and the piano in the proper terms instead of calling them qualified shovels. The one way of curing him is to return his spade lead."

### CANADIENNE.

Mrs. Nagget—"You don't love me as much as you used to."

Mr. Nagget—Think not?

Mrs. Nagget—No; you used to say I was worth my weight in gold, and

Mr. Nagget—Well, you're not as stout as you were, you know.—Philadelphia "Press."

### Long Distance Running in Toronto.

By W. Bredon Galbraith, Secretary Toronto Central Harriers.

PROBABLY the present is an opportune time to draw the attention of Toronto's citizens to a sport and exercise in this city which has heretofore not received their recognition in any marked degree—long-distance running. Sherring's great victory at Athens has attracted attention to the fact that Hamilton has good long-distance men. So has Toronto, but the sport does not receive anything like the encouragement here that it does in Hamilton. When our citizens see certain scantily-clad individuals running along the streets they seem to think that the persons in question have something to do with their upper stories. Members of Toronto harrier (running) clubs do not agree with them. In order to "get into shape" for long-distance racing it is absolutely necessary to appear on the streets dressed only in a jersey, short pants, and shoes. This is the way young fellows must train in order to win long-distance races.

Most people would be surprised to learn what really first-class long-distance men Toronto can claim, both in the past and present. True, there are no Toronto men who now figure in twenty-five mile races, but we have probably the best five and ten-mile runners in Canada, and they look forward to going into still longer races when they are older. A fellow of twenty-two years of age is hardly developed enough, as a general rule, to undertake twenty or twenty-five miles.

The object of this article is to draw attention to the fact that Toronto can be proud of her five and ten-mile men as Hamilton is of her Herald racers and Marathon winner. Toronto Central Harriers (Central Y. M. C. A.) won the Dunlop Trophy a year ago last fall in what was probably the fastest five-mile team race ever run in Canada, and, though the cup left the city last fall, it will likely enough come back next fall, for West End and Central both are anxious for it. This cup is thirty-eight inches high, the much-appreciated gift of the Dunlop Tire Company.

Then, Elwood Hughes of West End holds the Canadian ten-mile record, and other Canadian records have been held in the past by Toronto men, and more will be in the near future.

In addition to the annual Dunlop five-mile team race, there are other annual races to which Toronto clubs send representatives, who generally give a good account of themselves, and bring home first, second, or third prizes. One meet that is always looked forward to is the Thanksgiving Day contests at Guelph, including long-distance, cross-country, and road races, and other events, amongst which is the walking race, in which Linden of West End, recently contested at Athens, generally figures prominently. All Guelph turns out, and lines the streets for blocks to witness these races, and the winners of the five, twelve, and fifteen-mile events are the heroes of the day. And Guelph puts up prizes Toronto boys are proud to bring home, prizes donated by local business concerns.

If Toronto citizens are prone of a Hamilton runner's success abroad, why should they not offer more encouragement to their own sons, that they may go and do likewise? Hamilton should breed no better long-distance runners than Toronto, but—Hamilton encourages them. Get out and see the races when there are any in Toronto. Next 24th the Central Y. M. C. A. holds its annual races. Be on hand. You are welcome as a spectator to all these races. Encourage the followers of the old Greek athletes.

Any person who would like to become connected with a running club should communicate with the secretary of the Orton Harriers in Rosedale, the Toronto Central Harriers of Central Y. M. C. A., or the West End Y. M. C. A. Harrier Club. Practice runs take place both mornings and evenings, and there are also the Saturday afternoon paper-chases, that are full of sport and health-giving exercise.

For real democracy one has to look to the presidents of France. M. Fallières, since his elevation to that exalted office, has been criticized for his simple taste in neckware. A blue butterfly of the machine-made variety, the kind that is fastened to the collar with an elastic band, has pleased M. Fallières for thirty years, and there is to be no change in style. Are we to judge France by her novels or her presidents?—New York "Tribune."



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### Very New Avocation.

It is a pity some one does not add to the avocations of the present day by starting as a professor of personal appearance, and for certain fees advise people how to attire themselves and set off their facial attractions to the best advantage. There are but few who have the gift of seeing themselves as others see them.—London "Graphic."

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TORONTONIANS going to London next month may take note of the fact that the great Triennial Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace opens on Saturday, June 23rd, at noon, with a public rehearsal. On the following Tuesday the "Messiah" will be given, on Thursday there will be a selection from "Israel in Egypt," and a miscellaneous selection, and on Saturday, the 30th, "Judas Macabaeus" will be sung. The choir and orchestra will consist of 4,000 performers, and the orchestra will be the famous London Symphony Orchestra.

London critics have been raving over the wonderful playing of Master Mischa Elman, the prodigy violinist. The representative of an evening paper, in his enthusiasm, got sadly mixed in his report. He said: "Yesterday Tchaikovsky's piano concerto, a few years since considered unplayable by the most brilliant violinist, was the chief work in which he was heard, and the way in which he romped through the solo part therein bordered on the miraculous." "I'll!

The first performance in France of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius"—under its French title of "Le Songe de Gerontius"—was given at the Trocadero, Paris on the 17th inst., under the direction of M. Chevillard with a band and chorus of 300 performers.

The British School of Music is reviewed in the "International Musical Journal" by Dr. Charles Maclean, who, after hearing at the late Norwich Festival twenty-three English compositions by English writers, was impressed by the manner in which the older men held their own against their younger rivals. He remarks that "there are many excellent talents among the younger men, and the hand of welcome awaits always the prominent. But no one under forty has yet given even a handful of a consistent career, such as that of Bennett, Sullivan, Mackenzie, Parry, Stanford, Cowen, and German."

It is often said that the pleasure of creating makes amends to great composers for the lack of recognition of their genius, which is usually their fate while they live. Composing, however, is not always a pleasure. The late Hugo Wolf used to be tortured during his creative moments by headaches, which seem to have resembled those with which Donizetti was afflicted. Concerning Donizetti's headaches we are well informed through references in his letters, and the notes of his physician. There is reason to believe that if it had not been for these "creative headaches" and their peculiar consequences, Donizetti could never have succeeded in writing sixty-seven operas and many other works in twenty-nine years (he composed from his twentieth to his forty-ninth year). Whenever Donizetti took up a new libretto he became so completely absorbed in it as to be almost oblivious of everything else. Almost from the beginning, too, his headache began and became gradually so intense that he was at last compelled to give up work and rest in bed. Presently the pain passed away, and then the composer got up and began his work in feverish haste. The whole opera seemed to be ready in his brain, and he wrote it down with fabulous facility, wherever he happened to be—at home, on his travels, or in a tavern or café surrounded by noisy crowds. One odd detail regarding his headaches was his belief that they were located in the left side of his brain when he wrote tragic operas, and in the right side when he wrote comic operas like "Don Pasquale" or "The Daughter of the Regiment"—New York "Post."

Somebody has suggested that Strauss' Domestic Symphony should be called "bath-etic."

A couple of choirmasters have been writing letters to a daily contemporary, complaining that the salaries of church solo singers have been increased of late years, and that there is improper rivalry between musical committees to get the best available artists. It would be a good thing if the present salaries of these singers were to be doubled. Perhaps in that case we should hear less of so many of our vocalists leaving us for the United States.

Bach's B minor mass was recently sung by the famous Philharmonic Chorus of Berlin, under Siegfried Ochs, after no fewer than one hundred rehearsals. The performance is said to have been electrifying. The Philharmonic Chorus of Berlin is regarded as the finest in all Germany, and the conductor is one of the most gifted musicians of the German capital. He, like Sir Edward Elgar, evidently believes that a chorus cannot have too many rehearsals. It speaks volumes for himself that the interest of his chorus can be maintained for so long a period of rehearsals, and that he still has something to impart after the ninety-ninth meeting for practice.

Count Von Bylandt-Rheydt, the new intendant of the Royal theaters in Cassel, entered upon his duties this month. Count Von Hulsén, the general intendant, announced that, in accordance with an imperial mandate, he would in future assume the superintendence of all the Royal theaters in Berlin, Cassel, Wiesbaden, and Hanover, as his father did in his time. The news is of interest from the fact that Count Von Bylandt-Rheydt is the maternal uncle of Mr. Wilhelm, the singer, who has been teaching in

Toronto for the last year, and who is such an excellent exponent of his art.

St. George's Hall was well filled on Tuesday evening, the occasion being a concert by the following artists: Mr. J. M. Sherlock, Mrs. Lillie, Mrs. McCutcheon, Mr. Gillespie, Miss May Duncan, the Troubadour Trio (Messrs. Ryall, Selway, and Luff), Miss Beatrice Lillie, Miss Margaret Wright, and Mr. J. Davis. Mrs. Lillie's thirteen-year-old daughter, Muriel, was the accompanist, and came in for a good deal of praise. Mrs. Lillie, who is the popular choir leader of Queen street east Presbyterian church, sang very sweetly, her voice showing to great advantage in Tosti's "Good-Bye," and also in the duet, "I Know a Bank." In response to an encore Mrs. Lillie sang the Creole "Love Song."

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Vogt go to Europe early in June on a grand tour of England and the Continent. They will be away about three months.

Mr. Frank Welsman will be conductor of a new orchestra in the fall. He will certainly make a popular director.

A new vocal quartette has been formed, consisting of the following singers: Alexander Gorrie, first tenor; Frank Bemrose, second tenor; A. L. E. Davies, first bass, and Ruthven McDonald, second bass. This is really a strong combination, and ought to be much in request next season. The party will be known as the Toronto Male Quartette.

Probably the best concert that was ever given at Upper Canada College was that on Saturday last by the College Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Killmaster. Mr. Killmaster, judging by results, has evidently been doing excellent work. In addition to being a good chorus conductor, he is a most capable pianist. The programme included Barri's "The Old Brigade" and "Solomon Levi," Mendelssohn's "Farewell to the Forest," Hawley's "The Sweetest Flower That Blows," and "The Three Crows," and "Clementine," all for the Club; vocal solos by Messrs. Ross and Guest, and Miss Gertrude Lowry, violin solos by Mr. Rutherford, piano solos by Mr. Killmaster, and a selection by a small orchestra of seven members. The performance reflected credit on all concerned. The Glee Club, numbering nineteen singers, won great praise for the rendering of their numbers, the qualities noticeable being a musical tone, correct intonation, and satisfactory shading.

The valuable music collection of the late Mr. Lancelot Bolster is to be disposed of by private sale. The music and books can be seen at the store of Thomas Claxton.

Among the pupils of Mr. Arthur Blight who have been recently appointed soloists in city churches are the following: Miss Emma J. Pentecost, contralto, Unitarian church; Joseph Twigg, tenor, Broadway Tabernacle; Henry Milne, bass, Parkdale Presbyterian church; Edmund Killar, bass, Berkeley street Methodist church; Walter Reddis, tenor, Unitarian church.

Miss Evelyn Ashworth, a pupil of Dr. Torrington, has been appointed principal soprano at College street Presbyterian church.

Dr. Ham is busy reorganizing the National Chorus in anticipation of next season's work. A general meeting of the members was held in Massey Hall on Tuesday, when plans of the next concerts were discussed. Good singers are invited to apply for membership to the conductor, Dr. Ham, as soon as possible.

Miss Emily Selway, who has been contralto soloist in Bloor street Presbyterian church for two years, has resigned, and has accepted a similar position in Ross street Presbyterian church, Brooklyn, N.Y. And thus the United Statesers appropriate our vocalists. The departure of the Misses Selway and Millett will be a distinct loss to musical circles.

France's leading composer, Saint-Saens, is seventy-one years old. Massenet is sixty-four, Goldmark seventy-four, Max Bruch sixty-eight, Grieg sixty-three, Sgambati sixty-three, Humperdinck fifty-two, Rimsky-Korsakoff fifty-nine, Boito sixty-four, Mascagni forty-three, Leoncavallo forty-eight, R. Strauss forty-two, Elgar forty-nine, Puccini forty-eight, Faure sixty-one, Chadwick fifty-two, Mahler forty-six, Moszkowski forty-nine, MacDowell forty-five, D'Indy fifty-five, D'Albert forty-two.

A most successful vocal recital was given at the Toronto College of Music on Thursday evening, May 10th, by Miss Katherine Ellis of Toronto Junction. Miss Ellis, who is a pupil of Dr. Torrington, possesses a clear, sympathetic voice, and gives evidence of careful training. Her numbers, which were all well received, included the following: Pissuti, "Angel Land," Torrente, "Show Me Thy Way," Bohm, "Silent as Night," Godard, "Florian's Song," Bevilacqua, "The Flower Girl," Mendelssohn, "Woe Unto Them," "O Rest in the Lord," Willeby, "Crossing the Bar," Saint-Saens, "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," Donizetti, "O Mio Fernando." Miss Lewetta Cairns, a piano pupil of Dr. Torrington's, assisted Miss Ellis, and gave a finished rendering of pieces by Chopin, Liszt, and Wieniawski. Miss Ellis was also assisted by Miss Birdie Luttrell of the

School of Expression, who contributed two numbers, and was enthusiastically received by the audience.

Gustav Mahler, who has been mentioned as one of the great foreign conductors invited to preside over the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, is a follower of Anton Bruckner, and even goes beyond that "Wagner of the concert hall" in his disregard of duration. His third symphony consists of six movements, of which the first and last alone last forty-two and twenty-two minutes, respectively—an hour and four minutes! The fifth movement introduces a boy choir. The fourth has a violin solo on a text by Nietzsche, Nodding, the author of "Beyond Wagner and Liszt," declares that Mahler's work is to be accepted as absolute, and not as programme music; for, although the composer has occasionally printed a descriptive programme for a concert performance, the printed score has no indications of it.

That Mahler, should he go to Boston, would prove an autocrat is indicated by an anecdote related a few years ago. An Austrian count submitted to him an opera composed by himself. Mahler did not like it, and refused to mount it; whereupon the count appealed to the Emperor. Franz Josef summoned the director and discussed the production of the opera, his last words being: "I wish it, but I do not command it." That settled the matter; Mahler remained undurably at Vienna, and the Emperor was not offended, for a few weeks later he bestowed on his director the order of the Iron Crown.

Miss Marie E. Calhoun, pupil of Marie C. Strong, has been appointed contralto soloist at the Church of the Redeemer.

Poor Richard Strauss! Will no one come to his rescue? His most ardent admirers are now throwing stones at him. Ernest Newman has found a growing tendency in his works "to deface his picture by some piece of malicious folly; to thrust his head through the canvas and grin at the public." His "Sinfonia Domestica" is the work of "an enormously clever man, who was once a genius." And now comes Lawrence Gilman, in the May "Musicalian," with a whole bushel of brickbats. "If the 'Domestica,'" he says, "proved an exasperation and a disappointment, 'Salome,' the latest product of Straussian intelligence, has almost the character of an affliction."

He has developed, it would seem, a flair for brutal and repellent themes. He continues: "Grotesquely impossible, however, as the subject is for musico-dramatic exposition, one's quarrel with 'Salome,' in this instance, is primarily concerned with another matter: the essential emptiness and banality of Strauss' score. The decline in vitality and felicity of inspiration which had begun to make itself evident in the music of the 'Domestica' is here undeniably manifest. One's objection to this latest score of the author of 'Don Quixote' is not that it is cacophonous or unlovely, but that it is weak. It lacks both saliency and vividness. The musical thought never grips, never seizes the imagination, as it is seized and enthralled by many of the electrifying and unforgettable themes of 'Tod und Verklärung,' 'Zarathustra,' 'Heldenleben,' and 'Don Quixote.' The lack of distinguished invention in Strauss' thematic conceptions has been, from the first, a subject of critical comment; but never before has it been possible truthfully to say of him that his ideas lacked saliency and the power of graphic denotement."

Arrangements have been completed for the cycle of concerts to be given next season by the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, and the official announcements would indicate a scheme more comprehensive than that of any previous season. Four evening concerts will be given in Massey Music Hall during the week of February 4th, a concert in Convention Hall, Buffalo, on the evening of February 11th, and two evening concerts in Carnegie Hall, New York, on February 12th and 13th. In all of these concerts the choir will be assisted by the Pittsburgh Orchestra, playing in its full strength, under Mr. Emil Paur. Features of this cycle will be performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in Toronto and New York, and extended choral works by Brahms, Liszt, and Humperdinck at the Toronto concerts, excerpts from the greater works of Elgar and Wagner, and a capella compositions by Brahms, Grieg, Gounod, Tchaikovsky, and other standard composers, and be presented. These concerts, including as they do a proposition of the importance and magnitude of the New York undertaking, will be a worthy culmination of the ten years of Mr. Vogt's work in Toronto in connection with the Mendelssohn Choir, and will mark an event of the greatest significance in the musical history of Canada. The work of the reorganization of the chorus of the society for the coming season will be taken up by Mr. Vogt on and after the first of May next. Applications for membership should be made in writing to the secretary, Mr. T. A. Reed, No. 6 Colborne street.

The London "Musical Herald" reports a recent lecture in which Mr. Frangon Davies, author of the suggestive book, "The Singing of the Future," declared that if the best and greatest singing were not, later on, to be found in England and America, he knew not where to look for it. A singer, he said, should take what was good, but avoid the manifest faults of Continental singing, e.g., sensuousness, undue passionateness or morbidity, flippancy, superficiality of tone, unusual roughness, trickiness, contortions of buccal and nasal cavities, etc. The mental activity, all through the state of pupillage and artistic career, must be concentrated upon thought, word, tone. Modern teaching and singing, however, proceeded on the contrary principle: Tone, word, thought. Many so-called critics taught that mad gospel. Those who made a merchandise of the vocal art

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and profession must be guarded against. England, however, owed a great deal to its finest critics. The chief fault of the modern singer was that he had but one kind of tone. Would we have a whole picture painted entirely in one color, however beautiful the color might be? If not in painting, why in singing? Again, why did we admire loud tone? Would we have Shakespeare bawled at us? CHERUBINO.

## Where the Road Dips.

Post-oak and hickory talk in air, And mutter where the roadway dips; And tree-toads croak; and darkness drips; And blackberries trail like fragrance there.

Ragweed and horehound, sage and mint, And many a nameless herb beside, Work homely magic—at one stride The past returns the way it went!

Chuckle of water greets the ear; The light wind tries the brake and goes; Far off the summer lightning shows, But summer thunder comes not near.

This tender darkness stills the heart As with old music; and the stars Drop coolness where the shadows bars Of many branches mix and part.

A voice comes on the wind-thrilled night, Long drowned amid the roaring years; My eyes are stung with blinding tears, And fear and doubt dissolve in light! —Henry Fletcher Harris.

## She Knew.

A young lawyer had become much attached to a certain young woman, who was celebrated among her friends for her repartee. The only obstacle in the pathway of the young man was his exceeding shyness, for while always in command of himself in the court-room, he became almost speechless in the presence of his adored one. As one method of showing his devotion it was his custom to shower his innamorata with presents.

The young lady's mother, being far from satisfied with the status of the case, broached the subject. "My dear," she said, "you have let Mr. Brown practically monopolize your society for a year, and now have scarcely any other callers. Has he ever given you to understand that his intentions are serious?" "No, he hasn't said anything, but I know they are."

## Peril Eliminated.

"I am sorry," said the doctor, "but your little girl will not be able to speak for several days." "Then it will be safe," said the anxious mother, "for me to invite the minister to tea, won't it?" "Judge."

A smart young fellow called out to a farmer who was sowing seed in his field. "Well done, old fellow; you sow, I reap the fruits." "Maybe you will," said the farmer, "for I'm sowing hemp."—Harper's Weekly.

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"Why, Ida Wilson, you might have told me about her before. You know I've been dying to go to someone like that. I suppose you've been to see her."

"Not yet. I was going with Mamie, and then she went away to Buffalo, and I've just been waiting. If you'd really like to go, suppose we try her next Saturday afternoon. She lives on C— street, and she's got foreign blood in her veins—an octoroon, I think. Mamie says she's awfully dark, and has strange eyes. But you mustn't tell it we go, because the boys would never let me hear the last of it, and father wouldn't like me to spend a dollar on the future."

"A dollar!" said Ethel Sutton, in dismay. "My! That's an awful lot to charge for telling you whether you're going to be married."

"I'm not going to ask her such things as that," said Ida, with a rather crushing air. "I want to know whether she sees me before a large crowd, swaying their feelings and getting large bouquets of American Beauties. You know I'd just love to go on the stage and be like Margaret Anglin. That last picture of her in the nurse's uniform was perfectly dear."

On the following Saturday afternoon two rather nervous-looking young persons rang the door-bell of a dilapidated residence on C— street, and about an hour later they emerged with an air of having come into a fortune of information.

"What did she tell you?" said Ethel, after they turned the corner. "I never felt so queer in my life as when I went into that darkened room with the candles burning under those yellow shades. I wish she wouldn't take people one at a time. If you had been there too it would have been ever so much cosier. She tried the tea-leaves first, and made me walk around a chair three times. Then she made a strange sign, something like crossing herself, and muttered words that I couldn't understand. The candles seemed to flicker, and I was so afraid they'd go out. I wouldn't have been left in the dark with that woman for anything. Did you notice the ring with the big brown stone in it? It was carved with some letters I couldn't make out, and I was dying to ask about it. I am sure that it came from Egypt or India, or one of those places where they have the pyramids and the black art."

"But did you notice her dress? It was so loose, and had a lot of drapery. It was a deep yellow, and I don't believe it was anything but cheap China silk. I felt it when she was looking at my right hand. She told me the strangest things. Really, there must be something in it. She said that for years I have been looking forward to a wider life, and when I asked if she saw me on the stage she said that there were lights near my feet and many faces looking towards me, and that I seemed to be bowing several times, and then a curtain fell, and there was music. She told all that as she was looking into the cup, and there was a dreamy look in her eyes the whole time, as if she did not see the tea-leaves at all but were looking into another world."

"Did you notice her hands?" interrupted Ethel. "She may have Spanish blood, but it seemed to me that they weren't really clean."

"Oh, they were clean enough. She's just very swarthy. I think that dusky skin is so fascinating. She told me that my life would see many changes, and that I should cross the water."

"But nearly everyone goes to England nowadays. Crossing the water might mean going over to Niagara, or even Hamilton."

"Ethel Sutton, you're the meanest thing! Of course, she meant the ocean, and you might be more interested. She said that she saw many flowers, and then she said, in the most thrilling whisper—'But there is sometimes a serpent beneath the flowers.' I declare I feel so excited about it."

"Didn't she say anything about a husband?" said Ethel curiously. "Why, she told me heaps about a man with dark eyes and a fair woman that would make me shed tears. But she said there was a ring after all, and that I was to have true love bestowed on me. But one thing I didn't like. She wasn't sure about my being rich, and you know it would be dreadful to be really poor and have to live in a house without parquet floors, and not be able to give bridge parties. She wouldn't say a word about lots of money, and I felt so provoked with her. I believe I'll go again to see if there isn't something about great wealth."

"I asked her so much about my career that she didn't have a chance to talk about husbands," said the superior Ida. "Of course, a successful actress can always be married to a millionaire whenever she likes, but I believe in art for art's sake."

"I don't know what in the world you mean, Ida Wilson, and it's not so easy to be a successful actress. It takes years and years, and you know your father wouldn't dream of letting you go away to New York. Then an actress has to make up dreadfully, and you'd have to let strangers make love to you."

"I thought you really sympathized with my ambition, but you don't seem to understand one bit how I chafe at this narrow life," said Ida, with a tragic tremolo. "It's dreadful not to be appreciated, but some day you will remember how you were the first to know."

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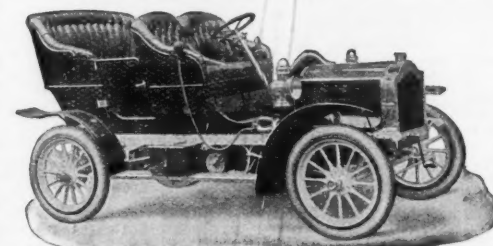
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course, I'm ever so glad you told me about her, and it's been real exciting, but the fifty cents woman gives you names. She might be able to tell you what character you were going to play first."

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"Sir, I understand there is a sort of a courtship on between you and my daughter?"

"Yes, sir; I—"

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### Society at the Capital.

ALTHOUGH Montreal, with its dual attraction of the Horse Show and the presence of Prince Arthur, proved to be the point of interest last week, and a large number of Ottawa's smart set spent the greater part of the gay week in that city, yet the usual round of social gatherings of a smaller variety went on uninterruptedly in the Capital, bridge parties still taking the lead. Among those who entertained at this still fascinating pastime was Lady Ross, whose party on Tuesday afternoon consisted of five tables of the most adept players in the Capital, including Lady Laurier and her guest, Miss Melvin-Jones of Toronto, the latter of whom carried off one of the prizes; Mrs. Vernon Eaton, Mrs. Vidal, Mrs. George Taylor, Mrs. Cockburn Clemow, Miss Gwendolyn Clemow, who, with Mrs. Clive Pringle, also came off victorious; Mrs. A. B. Broderick, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. H. K. Egan, Mrs. James Smellie, Mrs. Charles Harriss, Mrs. J. G. Foster, Miss Elsie Cotton, Miss Lola Powell, and Miss Flossie Fielding.

On Thursday afternoon Lady Laurier entertained at bridge in honor of her guest from Toronto, Miss Melvin-Jones, who is a player of the first rank. Five tables of guests, including many of the same players who were at Lady Ross', with several additions, enjoyed a very interesting game, and Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mrs. J. G. Foster, and Miss Fielding were the lucky ones, and carried off very pretty little souvenirs. Mrs. H. Allan Bate was another of the week's bridge hostesses, and on Wednesday afternoon those who participated in this pleasant game were Mrs. J. W. Woods, Mrs. Robert Pringle, Mrs. Gourdeau, Mrs. Gerald Bate, Mrs. J. M. Courtney, Mrs. W. P. Davis, Mrs. T. C. Bate, Mrs. Wilson Southam, Mrs. Charles Moore, Mrs. F. Cockburn Clemow, and one or two more. Mrs. T. A. Beaumont also entertained on Friday at bridge, followed by a most delightful little tea.

The younger members of society have had, on the whole, rather a slower week than usual, and beyond a few teas, nothing has "been doing" in the social world for the more gayly inclined. Miss Beatrice Davidson invited a few young people to meet Miss Frances Heron of Toronto at the tea hour on Thursday, some of her guests being: Mrs. Clarence Burritt, the Misses Chadwick, Miss Naline Power, Miss Vera Toller, Miss Clara Oliver, Miss Nora Lewis, Miss Rita Pinhey, Miss Edith Clemow, Miss Hope Wurtele, and Miss Madge Morse.

Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, the president of the Ottawa Ladies' Golf Club, entertained its members at tea at the links on Friday, on the conclusion of the matches, tea being arranged in the ball-room of the clubhouse, where the table was artistically decorated with hosts of daffodils. Mrs. Frank Grierson and Mrs. P. D. Ross did the more arduous part of the day's duties in pouring tea for the very large number of ladies, including both the older and younger members of Ottawa's smart set, who were present.

In the matches during the earlier part of the afternoon, Miss Irene Bate won the handsome cup donated by Mrs. P. D. Ross; and Lady Sybil Grey was the winner of Mrs. E. C. Grant's cup.

Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber also entertained at the same delightful spot, the Golf Club, early in the week, when a smart little luncheon included the following guests: Mrs. Reginald Beckett, Mrs. E. C. Grant, Mrs. Barrett Dewar, Miss Frances Heron and Miss Frances Thompson of Toronto, Miss Chipman of Winnipeg, Miss Crombie, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Gladys Irwin, Miss Isobel White, and Miss Kingsford. Another merry gathering at the Golf Club came off on Wednesday evening, when Mrs. Samuel D. Clarke of Winnipeg was the guest of honor at a well-arranged little dinner given by several bachelor members of the club, and the diners included the Misses Claire and Madge McCullough, Miss Ferguson, Miss Girouard, Mr. Glennie, Mr. Fred White, Mr. W. A. Cameron, Mr. Howard Hutchison, and Mr. Charles Panet. Mrs. Clarke, who is always an exceedingly welcome and popular guest in Ottawa, left for her home in the North-West on Friday, after spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George McCullough, in Stewart street.

One of the bright dinners of the week came off on Tuesday, when Sir Frederick and Lady Borden entertained several young people, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. David Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Guthrie, Miss Elsie Ritchie, Miss Lucy Kingsford, Miss Flossie Fielding, Mr. Harry Thompson, Mr. Leslie Macoun, Mr. John Thompson, Mr. Gladwyn MacDougall, and Mr. Appleton.

Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State, was the host on Thursday of a dinner party devoted especially to the entertainment of a number of his brother Senators, including Hon. J. K. Kerr, Hon. M. Rowan, Hon. G. F. Baird, Hon. Mr. Longhead, Hon. W. J. Macdonald, Hon. G. L. De Veber, Hon. H. Bostock, Hon. W. Gibson, Hon. J. D. McGregor, Hon. F. T. Frost, Hon. P. Talbot, Hon. Mr. Millar. A second "senatorial" dinner, to which the same host has sent out invitations, will take place on Thursday, the 17th. May.

Two of the several interesting engagements which have recently been announced will be consummated next month. The marriage

# ON TOP

## THE CHAMPAGNE OF THE 20th CENTURY

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Bouquet to any Champagne produced  
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AGENTS FOR CANADA

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MONTREAL

of Miss Inez Goodwin, eldest daughter of Mr. George Goodwin of Laurier avenue east, to the Hon. Senator Cloran of Montreal, will take place at St. Joseph's church, Ottawa, on June 5th, and on the 20th Miss Audrey Jones of Ottawa, daughter of the late Albert Jones, and granddaughter of the late Alpheus Jones of Prescott, will be married at the Jones homestead in Prescott, to Mr. Dudley Oliver, manager of the Merchants Bank at Manotick.

Lady Elizabeth Cochrane, accompanied by her niece, the Hon. Henrietta O'Neill, and her nephew, the Hon. Hugh O'Neill, is expected to arrive in town in a few days, the party being now in New York, on their way to Ottawa.

Captain Newton, the popular "aide" at Government House, expects to sail on May 19th, by the "Empress of Britain" for England, and will summer in England and Scotland, returning to Canada in the early autumn.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, May 14th, 1906.

### Close Thing.

'Twas a proud day for Jones, junior. For some time he had suspected when he stroked his face that there was something there, and now he was certain of it. With the temerity of fearful joy he pushed open the door of the barber shop, and breathed again when he found he was the only customer.

Calmly he took possession of the operating-chair, the towel had just been placed beneath his chin, when—horror!—the door opened, and in stalked those rowdy brutes from the office, Jimson, Briggs, and Baggs.

"Shave, sir?" said the barber to the horror-stricken Jones.

"N-n-no," blurted out the unfortunate youth, in desperation; "I-face washed, please!"

Mr. Subbubs—What's the matter? Where's the new servant girl?

Mrs. Subbubs—Oh! George, it was all a misunderstanding. I told her she had better dust this morning, and the first thing I knew she had dusted.—Philadelphia "Press."

If you have good teeth preserve them by using

### COVERNTON'S CARBOLIC TOOTH WASH

Also good for false teeth, as it disinfects the plate and hardens the gums.

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Tan Shoes will be the great cry during the summer season. We always favored Tan Footwear—it's cooler and much easier to care for than Black.

Get Correct Colors

Some shades in Tans are not the proper thing, and won't do at all. We are ready to Tan-Shoe every man, woman and child in town.

We've some handsome new styles in Oxfords and Ties. Come and see the new comers.

\$2.00 along up to \$5.00.

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AUTOMOBILE TRIPS TRAINS.



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## GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANO

as evidenced by the following letter, which is one of hundreds received by us continually.

388 SPADINA AVE.,  
TORONTO, May 4, 1906.  
MESSRS. GERHARD HEINTZMAN, LIMITED,  
TORONTO.

DEAR SIR:—In December 1899 I purchased a Gerhard Heintzman Piano which has given us so much pleasure that I feel constrained to say a word in its praise. After standing perfectly for two years in the severe climate of Edmonton, Alberta, we brought it to Toronto, a distance of 2,500 miles; when shipping it the thermometer registered 45 degrees below zero. It went astray and was missing for six weeks. When tested it was still in perfect tune and condition.

I wish to say that after using the piano for six years that we are more than pleased and would not exchange it for any new one of any other make.

Sincerely,  
W. McCULLY.

Satisfaction as above expressed, by our thousands of customers, explains in a measure the popularity of the GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANO, and the immense number of instruments being sold by us.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS OF

OUR SPECIAL MAY BARGAINS

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### Social and Personal.

One of the most brilliant and successful entertainments ever given in Belleville was held on the 8th of May, when King Baldwin Preceptory, Knights Templar, tendered a reception and banquet to Most Eminent Frater John Bothwell Tressler, Supreme Grand Master of the Knights Templar of Canada, the occasion being the presentation by the Preceptory of a testimonial to Right Eminent Frater Lieutenant-Colonel S. S. Lazier, the Grand Master having been asked to make the presentation. The wives and daughters of the members were invited, and were present in large numbers at the reception of the Grand Master in the Preceptory, and at the presentation and banquet. The testimonial consisted of a beautiful cabinet of silver, and many complimentary things were said about Colonel Lazier's long and efficient service on behalf of Knights Templarism in the Preceptory and district. Colonel Lazier has practically been the presiding officer of King Baldwin Preceptory for twenty-five years, and has done much for the order throughout the district. It was a fitting recognition of long and faithful service, and every Mason and Knight Templar who know Colonel Lazier and what he has done for the order is delighted that he should be so honored. The Grand Master was the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Lazier while in Belleville.

Mrs. Charles McEachren of Carlton street is visiting friends in Wheeling, West Virginia.

Mrs. and the Misses J. Dunlop-Gemmell (Canada), who now reside at Rome, have had the honor to be invited to tea, "en cercle intime," by her Majesty the Queen of Italy.

The marriage of Mr. William Arthur Carson of New York, only son of Mr. J. A. Carson of Toronto, and Miss Annie Eudora (Dora) Auger, occurred at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. J. A. Whitmore, 315 Rusholme road, on Saturday, April 28th. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Percy H. Auger, and was attended by her sister, Leila. Rev. H. A. Macpherson of Chalmers church performing the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Carson will reside in Brooklyn, N.Y.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Anna Tough, second daughter of Mr. R. J. Tough, Parkdale, to Mr. Douglas L. C. Raymond, Detroit. The marriage will take place June 2nd, in Dunn avenue Presbyterian church.

A pretty change has taken place in the "Women's Room" of the Crown Bank of Canada. The heavy carpet rug has been taken away for the summer months, and in its place is one of those clean, cool-looking squares of woven fibre, in colors of buff, brown, and green, with a wide border of reseda, which harmonizes with the buff and green in the decorations, and carries out the simple effectiveness of the mission furniture.

Long, weathered-oak flower-boxes have been placed in the windows, and in these are ferns and fresh cut-flowers, which not only add to the restfulness of the room itself, but are a source of real pleasure to the passers-by.

The Crown Bank management not only offer the use of this room to their customers, but generously say: "It has been fitted up for the convenience of women—let there be no distinction made between those who are customers of our bank and those who are not."

### A New Bank.

The Canadian Banking System is acknowledged to be the best in the world, and, while the public are protected by the excellency of the Dominion Government's Bank Act, banks are given every reasonable latitude to reach out in all directions where a profitable business may be offered.

The depositors and billholders are practically secure, and from this source of business the banks are provided with the means by which they so easily build up immense profits and declare such handsome dividends.

The great emigration, together with the rapid expansion of trade in the country in the last few years, has caused the older banks lately to add large increases to their capital and to the springing up of several new banks, all of which have found a field for doing a profitable business.

There are still one or two in the course of organization, among them the Farmers' Bank of Canada, whose charter was recently extended by the Banking and Commerce Committee at Ottawa for six months. This organization is making very rapid strides towards meeting the requirements of the Government in order to open for business, its stock being subscribed for at the rate of over \$80,000 per month.

### Safe.

A New York man was stopping for a month at an inland town in Florida. This man is exceedingly fond of swimming, but has a horror of snakes, and this fear kept him from indulging in his favorite sport in the nearby river. He was fishing one day, and mentioned his desire and the barrier to its enjoyment to his guide, a lanky and sorrowful "cracker."

"Oh, I kin fix yo'-all up all right," the guide drawled, and led the way to a beautiful little lake some distance back from the river. "Ain't nary a snake in hyah," he said.

The Northerner enjoyed a half hour's sport in the clear water, and then coming back to the white sand beach began to dress. He then observed that what he had taken to be several logs floating upon the water were in motion.

"Wonder what causes those logs to move?" he said.

"Them ain't logs," his guide calmly replied, chewing on a straw, "them's 'gators. That's howcome there ain't no snakes in hyah—'gators keeps 'em et up."—Harper's Weekly.

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### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births.

McKAY—At Oshawa, Ont., on Tuesday, May 15, 1906, the wife of T. W. G. McKay, M.D., of a son. ADDISON—Toronto, May 15, Mrs. A. P. Addison, a son. ASHWORTH—Toronto, May 13, Mrs. George Johnston Ashworth, a son. DENNY—Toronto, May 15, Mrs. James Denny, a daughter. HENDRY—Toronto, May 14, Mrs. C. A. Hendry, a daughter. STEWART—Toronto, May 14, Mrs. R. Lorne Stewart, a daughter.

#### Marriages.

KELLOGG—HENDERSON—Toronto, May 15, Constance Louise Henderson to Edwin Henry Kellogg, B.D. WEIR—HAMLET—Toronto, May 14, Edith Hamlet to James Roy Weir.

#### Deaths.

EWAN—Toronto, May 15, Peter Ewan, aged 85 years. HELLIWELL—Toronto, May 14, Charles Lord Helliwell, aged 90 years. MCFARQUHAR—Toronto, May 15, Mrs. John McFarquhar, aged 92 years.

#### Venice for Him.

Marion Crawford gave, recently, a dinner in Rome, and during the dinner the talk turned to Venice. "There is a young woman from Duluth," Mr. Crawford said, "whom I met one bright October morning in Sorrento. She told me that she was touring Italy with her father. She said her father had liked all the Italian cities, but especially he had liked Venice."

"Ah, Venice, to be sure," said I. "I can readily understand that your father would prefer Venice, with its gondolas, and St. Mark's, and Michael Angelo."

"Oh, no," said the young lady; "it wasn't that. But he could sit in the hotel, you know, and fish out of the window."—New York "Tribune."

#### Little Women.

This is undoubtedly the day of the little woman. There is a dash and a go about her impossible to women of larger growth. In many instances she is as nimble in mind as she is in body. She combines the quickness and alertness of the bird with the easy playfulness of the kitten.—"Madame."

### PUNCH ON PARIS.

PARIS is in France. At certain times of the year, America is in Paris.

It is said that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. Tourists, on meeting some of them, are apt to fear that one day it may be their fate to meet a bad one.

The birth rate in France, low as it is, is sufficient to keep the French language alive. The language is so frequently murdered by tourists that it is computed it would be extinct in a day and a half but for the children.

To get over the language difficulty, tourists should pretend to be dumb. A little language is a dangerous thing. A nation that does not speak English is not of necessity a fair object for ridicule.

Ignorance of the correct French accent does not invariably denote a superior person.

The traffic in Paris is controlled by one policeman and one white baton. It is the policeman's business to write in a book the number of any cocher who refrains from reply to his rebuke, and to that man is offered the post of road-waterer in the avenues. Meek men are required for this work, who may be relied upon not to use their hose in revenge upon drivers and chauffeurs who attempt to run them down.

What Paris did not think yesterday, the Paris "Daily Mail" says today.

A beard in Paris does not necessarily denote wisdom or middle age. It is rather the proud result of the infinite pains of a vain man.

When the cafés close, the day begins. A franc is not a shilling, and a twenty-five-centime piece is not a franc.

No man can truly say that he has seen Paris until he has lived there a dozen years, or spent at least a quarter of an hour at the top of the Eiffel Tower.

The greatest menace to the entente cordiale is garlic.—"Punch."

### Eight Big New York Landlords.

There are, says the New York "Dispatch," eight estates, usually consisting of one person, in this city, to which New Yorkers pay \$29,700,000 every year for the privilege of living and working in Manhattan. Some of these property-owners are real New Yorkers, whose lives and interests are centered in the city, and who spend most of their time here, including that portion of the year when they swear off some of their taxes. Some live abroad permanently, trying to spend their incomes, which roll into the coffers of these eight estates at the rate of \$81,370 a day for every day in the year. Beyond employing agents to keep their property up to the mark self-interest demands, most of these landlords do nothing much but sit tight and see the value of their real estate go up and up until its value is beyond all ordinary means of computation. The following list will show who they are and what they have and get: William Waldorf Astor, holdings, \$100,000,000, daily rent roll \$27,397; John Jacob Astor, holdings \$100,000,000, daily rent roll \$27,397; Golet holdings \$30,000,000, daily rent roll \$8,219; Elbridge T. Gerry, holdings \$25,000,000, daily rent roll \$6,849; Eno estate, holdings \$12,000,000, daily rent roll \$3,287; Clarke estate, holdings \$10,000,000, daily rent roll \$2,739; Hammersley estate, holdings \$10,000,000, daily rent roll \$2,739; Mary G. Pinckney, holdings \$12,000,000, daily rent roll \$2,739. And there are others.

"What makes you think Bilkins is in love?"

"I was in the next room to him and his girl and overheard one of their silences."—"Life."

## BIRCH'S BLACK BOTTLE Scotch Whisky



The approval of Canadian Connoisseurs is steadily forcing this brand to the leading position which it deserves to occupy among Scotch Whiskies on this market.

Every quality that goes to constitute a high-grade Malt Whisky, is found in its highest possible degree of perfection in the BLACK BOTTLE.

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